THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

VOL. II, NO. 7.—NOVEMBER, 1871.

CATHOLIC AMERICA.

FIRST PAPER.

THE apparently extravagant claim which our title implies calls at the outset for the explanation which our Protestant readers in particular may feel a right to demand. To claim America for the Catholic Church, to declare our ability to prove that the destiny of the American people is leading them to the Catholic faith, are certainly statements that should not be heedlessly or unwarrantably made. We know that we are required to meet the objection with which any question whose solution must await the future is assailed, that it is useless, not to say absurd, to draw inferences from purely speculative premises.

This objection may be urged against the historian who speculates upon the future of the nation whose career he has traced, and who draws from the lessons and the experience of the past certain conjectures and theories, the realization of which is left for coming time; or against the statesman who fondly imagines the good to accrue to his country from some measure of present policy; or the political economist who descants upon the beneficial effect which his new system of taxation or tariff is calculated to exercise upon the future finances; or against the author and the inventor who look forward to the day when a grateful posterity will recognize the value of a work which contemporaries regard with indifference or disfavor; for, as Rabelais remarks, the future is the bank at which none of us thinks his bills will be dishonored.

But as the relation of the Church to the future differs so completely from that of men or human institutions, it is unfair and illogical to class her expectations of the future with theirs; for there is one thing which the future is pre-ordained to realize, and that is the triumph of Christ and of the Church. Here we pass from the region of conjecture and possibility into that of certainty. The future is no longer veiled. Faith, the evidence of things unseen, draws aside the folds, and shows us the fulfilment

darkened path. And when the travel-wearied Admiral set foot upon his new world, his first act was to bless it and consecrate it to God and our Lady, and then before claiming it for his king, he erected the cross as a token of its prior subjection to Christ. His mission was fulfilled, and though to her eternal shame be it said, Spain defrauded him of his right and title to the honors he claimed, not for himself so much as for his children, he appears to have rested satisfied with the consciousness of having performed the work to which God assigned him, and in the happiness of this knowledge he died, not of disappointed ambition as his vilifiers said, but like a saint who answers when the Master calls.

Those that are accustomed to regard Columbus only as a man who succeeded in proving the truth of a theory, will think our view forced and unreasonable. But it has been scientifically demonstrated that not one of the fishing-smacks which accompanied his expedition could have outridden the storms they successfully encountered. It has likewise been proved that the compass by which Columbus guided his course was not only subject to the ordinary deflections and changes, but that it was also wholly untrustworthy, owing both to its defective material and its faulty mechanism. That, under such disadvantages, he held his course so nearly due west, that he kept in check the most irrepressible of rebels, a mutinous crew, and that he succeeded in bearing the intelligence of his discovery to Europe, are circumstances connected with the expedition, that clearly indicate the special care and providence which attended the saintly Discoverer.

Undeterred by distance or danger, faithful missionaries at once set out to bear to the inhabitants of America, the evangel of Christ. Their labors were surprisingly successful, considering the inhumanity practiced upon the natives by the fellow countrymen of the apostolic men, who were obliged to preach the Gospel as constantly to their lawless companions as to the unconverted savages. Through the efforts of the Franciscans, the Dominicans and the Jesuits, the faith steadily increased among the Indian tribes in the Spanish colonies; and the same religious orders labored successfully afterward among the Northern and the Western Indians. The intolerant spirit of Protestantism, however, checked their zeal in the English Colonies, and had not this spirit received its quietus in the formation of the United States, Catholicity even now would be proscribed and persecuted in North America.

Happily, however, Providence so directed the course of events, that just about the time when the heaviest calamities of modern time were falling on the Church in the Old World, an American Empire was founded on principles and conditions the most favorable to the progress of the Catholic faith in the New World. We consider the formation of the government of the United States another indication of the glorious destiny of the Church in America. By removing the ban from her worship, by admitting her to at least equal rights with sects and denominations, the founders of the American Constitution enabled her

to show forth her intrinsic beauty and excellence so long obscured by the night of persecution. This is all she asked. Assured of this protection, she would of necessity commend herself to the notice and love of the people; and permission being given her of continuing her labors unmolested, she would display the divine character of her work, and the supernatural nature of her institutions, teachings, and energy.

She rejoices in the thought that the great principles of the Constitution are taken from her teaching, and in this she beholds the harbinger of her destined triumph. In thought and principle she sees that this great charter is Catholic. It first recognizes man's capacity for self-government, a doctrine which all Protestantism flatly denies. The Constitution also affirms the freedom of the human will, repudiates the Protestant doctrine of total depravity, the essential corruption of man's mind and soul, and his inability to do an honest or upright action. It declares that the reason is sufficiently enlightened to observe the natural law, and to guide a man in his business and social relations and ordinary duties, another point which Protestantism rejects. It implicitly affirms the necessity of religion, even whilst allowing the widest latitude of profession, for it specifies the oath, the invocation of the Supreme Being, which the Chief Magistrate utters on taking his chair. In fine, it expresses the great law of civil and political liberty, and recognizes the equal freedom of all men, no matter what their country or color may be, principles which the Church has always approved, as her political history shows, but which Protestantism logically and consistently reprobates and denounces, although here it blatantly professes to defend and uphold them.

It is clear, therefore, that the United States is politically and constitutionally formed for the Church. Its government is based on Catholic principles. But, as it is a received principle of political science that religion in some form is necessary for the stability and security of the State, the future prosperity of the country is inseparably linked with the prosperity of the Church which it practically recognizes as the only form of religion adapted to its constitution and polity. The Union needs a bond stronger than that of political necessity or material interest. We must have a Union of heart and mind if we wish to perpetuate the blessings of the Republic to after generations; and what bond can be conceived closer or more sacred than the bond of a common, divine faith? The late civil war showed how easily ties that were deemed inseparable might be snapped in a moment of partisan frenzy. We do not hesitate to say that were the people of the North and the South linked in the brotherhood of the Church, the Rebellion would have been an impossibility. But there was no sacred authority before whose presence the tumult of political feeling would cease; no hallowed tribunal which could command the storm.

That Protestantism labored as efficiently as any other disintegrating influence in effecting the dissolution of the Union, and the war and havoc consequent upon it, cannot be denied. Northern arrayed

itself against Southern Church; Northern Bishops hurled their anathemas against Southern believers, who in turn launched invective and reproach against the "Yankee preachers." Sunday after Sunday Protestant pulpits North re-echoed the political rant of men whose profession called for peace and goodwill to all men, particularly to those united with them by the ties of a common country and creed.

The American people were forced to notice the contrast between the loud-mouthed preacher, who would strike warlike attitudes in his pulpit, and vote the last man and last dollar for the war, and the reticent priest who would offer up his prayer for the good of the whole country, preach his sermon on the gospel, beg the prayers of the congregation for the repose of the souls of the Catholic soldiers, and continue the service. It was rightly argued that a Church which prohibited her ministers from dabbling in politics, and counselling bloodshed, must be guided by higher motives and principles than partisan feeling and political prejudice. It was also observed that the Church, whilst reprobating bloodshed and counselling peace, upheld, nevertheless, the duty of loyalty to government, and whilst weeping over the dead bodies of her gallant sons, testified by her solemn ceremonies and requiems her appreciation of the lofty heroism that shrinked not from the sacrifices for which the country called.

But in the sanctuary of the one faith North and South embraced. The Southern priest, whom necessity or duty brought North, was received with the kindness which his Northern brother priest enjoyed when he went South. No political animosity could chill the Catholic love which the Church teaches her children to have for each other. The remembrance of grievance and wrong, which the war inflicted on them, clouds not the Christian affection which springs from the faith. During the war "Catholic" was the magic word at which the guise of "Rebel" or "Yankee" dropped, and they who a moment before were bent on each other's death, met in a friendship not of earth.

The rude shock which threatened to dissolve the Union thus brings into greater prominence the necessity the country is under of embracing a religion that, one in its faith and discipline, will rivet the loosened bonds. Under the conservative influence of the one faith America can never be torn by another civil war. The Church will harmonize differences that now keep open the breach between the North and the South; she will smooth away diversities of feeling that are incompatible with political union; she will accord and control diverse influences bearing adversely on the general weal, and bring to an end the disputes and wranglings that are now differentiating the nation into four clans, North, South, East, and West. Out of obedience to and reverence for their mother, the Church, whom they will be bound to hear, the people will settle their grievances amicably, and in the spirit of Catholic fellowship meet on a basis which political differences or separate trade interests cannot shake.

Even geographically considered the country appears to have been designed by the Creator to be one.

He has endowed certain parts of its soil with wondrous fertility, and beneath the barrenness of other portions He has hidden untold wealth of gold, iron, and minerals. Throughout its length and breadth He has thus established the great law of union—mutual dependence. As, therefore, His design in regard to the United States is that in singleness of rule and oneness of language, country, and purpose, it should work out the destiny He has given it, He cannot but have decreed that the one faith should perfect this union, and firmly cement this oneness.

That the American people are disposed to correspond to this grace of the faith is evidenced by the gradual change of opinion, on Catholic subjects, which is visible in the present tone of the press and the public. The day when a mob of soldiery could enter, pillage, and devastate a Catholic village is happily passed, never to return. The malicious slanders on Catholic institutions are not received with the ready faith and the approving smile which greeted them in bygone years; and the attempt to revive dead and buried calumnies, and misrepresentations, is coldly received by the vast majority of the people of the States. True there are journals and books which mournfully exemplify the inability of their publishers and authors to keep pace with the advance of civilization and truth, but these are so few in number, and so valueless in influence, that they attract attention only on account of their forming the exception to what is becoming a general rule.

These changes in popular sentiment, which was formed, bred, and educated under Protestant influences, cannot be ascribed to mere indifference to religion, or indisposition to keep up the war which has ever been waged against the Church. On no questions do men, even those that appear indifferent, feel so strongly as on questions of religion. Protestantism, as represented by its ministers and its press, has not for a moment relinquished its warfare with the Church whose triumph seals its dissolution. Grace alone explains the change which has taken place in the heart of the American nation, on the subject of Catholicity, its claims, its work, and its mission. True, the singularly wise course pursued by the Church in all her relations with them has impressed them with an exalted idea of her and her hierarchy; and her extensive labors in the cause of education and philanthropy have disproved the charges of her opposition to learning, and an intolerant, ungracious, and inhuman spirit; but these facts and influences of themselves could not have drawn the people's heart steadily and surely to herself, nor have worked the revolution of opinion in her favor. It is God who is leading the nation to her embrace.

SELF-CONQUEST; OR, THE ROAD TO PEACE.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

Chapter I.

Although amply endowed with the goods of fortune, and, moreover, still blessed with youth to enjoy its smiles, Mr. and Mrs. Mason had, nevertheless, partaken very largely of the cup of suffering, in which it is more or less the lot of every mortal to share. They were both too frail in health to permit themselves a rational anticipation of a long life; and thus it happened that the constant view of another and a better existence, served as an effectual counterpoise to the dangers inseparable from the possession of great wealth. Although surrounded by all the luxuries which opulence commands, they had learned to disengage their hearts from a world of which they deeply felt the nothingness, and to centre their happiness in the practice of virtue,—the only true consolation under the pressure of actual calamity—the only solid support in the hour of impending trial.

Death had suddenly snatched from their arms a beloved son, whose birth had filled their hearts with joy, and on this sad occasion, the bereaved mother had been recommended to seek the recovery of health and spirits in change of scene. She accordingly proceeded to the south of France, and having here partially regained her strength, returned after a time to Paris, full of hopeful and joyous anticipations. The birth of a little girl about this time, by adding a new tie to life, naturally increased her desire to prolong existence. The affections of both parents were at once devoted in all their ardor to the infant Honorine, who, as a mark of her early dedication to the Mother of God, was for seven years to be clothed only in white.

Honorine daily increased in strength and beauty, and almost before she could speak, intelligence of mind and warmth of feeling seemed portrayed on her beaming countenance; but at the same time she evinced an obstinacy and violence of temper strangely contrasted with her amiable mother's peculiarly mild and retiring disposition. She was perfectly absolute in enforcing the gratification of all her childish whims, and her mother seeing no danger in their indulgence, yielded to them, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Mr. Mason, who unfortunately shrank from opposing his gentle wife as resolutely as might have been needful. The finest qualities frequently degenerate into faults, a maxim strikingly exemplified by this amiable couple, who carried their parental affection to the excess of weakness. So foolishly fond were they of their only child, that they could refuse her nothing she wished for.

Dr. Blundell, an intimate friend of Mr. Mason, was the only person whom Honorine feared or obeyed. He frequently warned his friends that they ought to exercise a stronger control over the little girl,

who daily became more imperious, and if not checked would, before she was ten years old, reduce the whole family under her despotic sway. Matilda, Mr. Blundell's wife, was Lucy Mason's warmest friend; she loved Honorine dearly, and frequently reprimanded her in the same mild but firm tone as she was accustomed to reprove her only son Arthur, to whom she proved her solid love by bringing him up in habits of perfect gentleness and submission.

Lucy, although very desirous to adopt her friend's prudent advice, had not fortitude to oppose her daughter's violent outbursts of passion, otherwise than by tears. True, these were not ineffectual, for as the child's ardor of affection equalled her strength of passion, no sooner did she see her mother weep, than forgetting all her imaginary grievances, she threw herself into her arms, and besought her to dry her eyes, and smile on her again; but scarcely was the request complied with, when a new storm of passion followed.

Thus passed Honorine's early years, during which her mother gradually declined in strength, worn out by her incessant anxiety for her idolized child. The seventh anniversary of the little one's birth was celebrated with even greater festivity than any of those which had preceded it. On this day all was joy and happiness; grateful thanks were offered to Heaven for Honorine's preservation through the protection of Mary, from the many dangers of infancy. Hopes were entertained that, as her reason developed itself, her temper would improve in proportion, and some trifling efforts which she made about this time to conquer its defects, strengthened these pleasing anticipations.

Lucy did not share in the general rejoicing; though apparently gay, it was her lips alone that smiled, while her eyes wore an expression of such deep sadness, that Mrs. Blundell became seriously uneasy. Taking her friend into the garden, she urged her to impart the cause of her dejection. Lucy's eyes filled with tears, but perceiving that her daughter had followed them, she declined speaking before her.

Honorine, who had been quietly playing with her doll, quickly laid it aside on perceiving her mother's emotion, and imagining that Matilda had annoyed her, she exclaimed, her face red with passion, "Mrs. Blundell, why do you make mamma cry?"

"You mistake, my child," replied Lucy, embracing her: "Mrs. Blundell is my best, my dearest friend; you must love her as a second mother, when"—— She stopped, and pressed her child still closer to her heart.

"No, mamma, I will never love her as well as you, or papa: she is unkind, she has made you weep; she scolds Arthur, and even scolds your own Honorine."

"Solely for your good, my child, and because she is anxious you should correct the faults which must make you unhappy; you will one day feel grateful to her, but go and play now, and do not be unjust to your mother's best friend."

Honorine proceeded a few steps, and then suddenly returned to say, "Do not cry, mamma, or Honorine will love no one any more." Then

fearing reproof, she quickly disappeared.

As soon as she had gone, Lucy confided most unreservedly to her friend the sad tale of her sorrows and anxieties. "Ah," she said, "I greatly fear that my daughter's violent disposition will prove an insurmountable obstacle to her happiness! Severe measures will not remedy an evil likely to yield only to a system of combined mildness and firmness; but who, except a mother, could submit to the many difficulties and annoyances attendant on such a system; and alas! I feel that I am not destined to follow it out!"

"You know from experience, dear Lucy, how frequently similar presentiments have proved erroneous," replied Mrs. Blundell. "How often have you grieved me by the prediction that you would die young and childless. And yet how many years have you since enjoyed? You have recovered health and strength, you have a dear little girl, the excellence of whose heart and understanding must sooner or later triumph over the defects of childhood."

"My dear friend," interrupted Mrs. Mason, "my death-warrant has been signed; and although its execution has been delayed, I feel I cannot much longer escape my sentence. God has given me leisure to become familiar with the idea of surrendering all I hold most dear. Many and severe have been my struggles, before resigning myself entirely to the dreaded separation. Now I am calm: I wait peacefully the moment that shall summon me to my Maker's presence. The view of my faults alarms me, it is true; but the consideration of God's mercy encourages me still more. My daughter's future weighs on me, however, despite all my resolution; for I foresee that her temper will be the cause of much grief to others, and much misery to herself. In the end, she will, I trust, reform, for she is 'a child of Mary;' but, in all probability, her correction will be the result only of great suffering; from this I would have wished to shield her, were I spared to guide her youth: promise me that you will take my place. Oh, Matilda, do promise me this!"

"My beloved Lucy, it has been an implied compact between us that whenever one was called away, the survivor should prove a mother to the bereaved child. I now renew this sacred promise."

"I did not expect less from you, Matilda; but you do not perhaps foresee all the obstacles which may prevent the fulfilment of your pledge. The child, for whom I am convinced you will feel all a mother's love, may not evince towards you a daughter's gratitude or affection. Should she manifest dislike to you, will you never be discouraged? Should she shun you, will you pursue her? Should events separate you for an indefinite period, will you watch over her when far away as when near? Ah! Matilda, will you, like the Good Shepherd, leave all else to follow the lost sheep? Will you be like the God of Goodness, who never wearies in pursuit of the ungrateful, and never ceases offering them the treasures of his mercy?"

"Yes," said Matilda, deeply affected, "I perfectly understand the extent of the mission you confide

to me; rest assured I will fulfil it."

Chapter II.

This affecting and solemn interview was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Mason and Dr. Blundell, whose appearance was the signal for an effort on the part of the two friends to banish all visible evidence of emotion

Dr. Blundell, contrary to his usual habits, seemed greatly agitated; his wife was, however, herself so much excited, that she did not perceive the alteration in his manner, until he handed her a letter containing news from her father. Mr. Wilson, Matilda's father, resided in Philadelphia; being dangerously ill, he earnestly desired to see his beloved daughter before his death, and entreated her to come to him, accompanied by her husband and son. Various and important interests urged Mr. and Mrs. Blundell to visit the United States, but they viewed the pecuniary advantages to be derived from the step as of secondary importance. Their primary consideration was the spiritual welfare of Mr. Wilson, who, long deeply immersed in business, and exclusively engrossed by the interests of time, had, they too well knew, lost sight of the concerns of eternity, and fatally neglected the duties of religion. He had never cordially approved his daughter's marriage with Mr. Blundell, and some differences of opinion between himself and the latter, subsequently to that event, had gradually completed their mutual estrangement. He finally determined on separating altogether from his daughter and son-in-law, and permanently establishing himself in the United States, which had long been the centre of his commercial transactions.

The perusal of his letter agitated Mrs. Blundell exceedingly. Ardently desiring, on the one hand, once more to embrace her beloved parent, and smooth his path to the grave by her filial attention, she experienced, on the other, an inexpressible reluctance to part from her suffering friend, and deprive her at the same time of Dr. Blundell's invaluable and apparently indispensable advice. The violent mental conflict produced by these contending feelings quickly betrayed itself on her expressive countenance, and Lucy was not slow to read it there, and divine its cause. With the generosity of unselfish love, she, however, repressed her own emotion, that she might the more strenuously urge Matilda to obey the call of manifest duty. Not satisfied with silencing her friend's doubts, she entreated her to hasten the preparations for the journey, and endeavored, by her personal exertions, to accelerate her departure, maintaining meanwhile the semblance of perfect composure, the more effectually to conceal her conviction that the parting was to be final. So well assumed was her apparent serenity, as to deceive even Mr. Mason, who fully believed that, like himself, she looked forward to a speedy re-union with their dear friends.

Letters from the latter soon announced the termination of a speedy and prosperous voyage, and Mr. and Mrs. Mason rejoiced to hear that the travellers had been most affectionately welcomed by Mr.

Wilson. Dr. Blundell found the latter less seriously indisposed than he expected, and hoped, by care, to prolong his life; it did not, however, appear probable that he would ever be able to bear the voyage to Europe, and as he did not wish to be again separated from his children, they could not calculate on returning to France for some time.

Poor Lucy was now suffering acutely, and had no longer a friend to whom she could confide her uneasiness, having determined to conceal it from her dear husband, and thus to insure him some additional days of peace and happiness.

Still she was not alone; for she derived strength and consolation from the presence of the Almighty, who, as an earnest of the everlasting reward in store for her, soothed her present sorrows, and alleviated her most acute pains.

The veil was at length removed from Mr. Mason's eyes, and the imminent danger of his beloved wife plainly revealed to him. She exhorted and encouraged him to make the sacrifice cheerfully, directing his views to that home where their souls should be forever united in bliss, and she also tried to impress on her little girl's mind those principles best calculated to guide her in the path of duty and happiness. Mr. Mason called in the most eminent physicians, but all to no purpose;—the resources of medical art were exhausted; change of air and scene, once found beneficial, could no longer be resorted to; death approached with such rapid strides, that to baffle it longer was impossible. Lucy lay stretched on a couch of suffering, soon to be her bed of death; still, strange as it may sound, time passed peacefully around that bed; for there the subject of conversation was the joys of heaven;—the immense recompense awaiting the transitory sufferings of earth; and there, too, resounded the cheering exhortations of a holy priest, who came to edify, and quitted the scene most profoundly edified. After enduring with untiring patience the varied sufferings of a lingering decline, Lucy was warned by her physicians, as well as by her extreme weakness, that the hour of deliverance was near.

She then made her final preparation with increased fervor. Her heart was no longer on earth, for she seemed to have caught a glimpse of her heavenly home; she spoke of God, the Blessed Virgin, and spiritual subjects, with the most affecting unction, and when any one tried to renew her hopes of recovery, or suggested motives of earthly consolation, she answered, in a soul-thrilling tone, "This is not the time!"

Such perfect resignation and angelic detachment, could not fail to impress all those who witnessed them; and, in truth, none beheld the dying Christian, without feeling their faith strengthened, and their souls penetrated with heavenly sweetness.

The final hour dawned at last. Lucy, fortified by the last Sacraments, took leave of her husband, blessed her beloved child, and peacefully terminated her brief career.

The little Honorine could not yet understand death. When her mother breathed her last, she was sitting at the foot of the bed, and, thinking that she had fallen asleep, tried to awake her, anxious as she

always was to engage the undivided attention of all around her. Finding her efforts useless she leaped off the bed, and throwing herself into her father's arms, said, she was tired, and asked him to come and play with her. But the poor mourner did not even hear her. Overwhelmed with anguish, he knelt motionless, tearless, and stunned, beside the cold remains of her he had so long and fondly loved, and insensible to all but the blow which had crushed him to the earth, forgot for a time the presence, nay, the existence of his child. Surprised and annoyed at his prolonged silence, Honorine burst at last into a violent fit of passion, her ordinary resource in contradiction; and, finally, succeeded by her piercing screams in arousing the attention of her unhappy father, who hastily clasped her in his arms, and with a distracted air hurried from the chamber of death.

The remembrance of Lucy's virtues was well calculated to console her sorrowing friends, affording as it did a well-grounded hope of her eternal happiness; and on those virtues, and their glorious recompense, it became their habit, as well as their comfort, to dwell. A few days after her death, in compliance with her own request, all her family, and several of her poor pensioners, assisted at a solemn Mass and Office for her soul's repose, and received the Holy Communion for the same intention.

Mr. Mason was not destined long to survive his wife; his naturally weak constitution had received so severe a shock at her death, that his gradual decline became daily more perceptible. Wishing to place his child and her fortune under the guardianship of Doctor Blundell, he was preparing to make his will to that effect, when the sad intelligence reached him, that that excellent man had fallen a victim to yellow fever, after having frequently risked his life in attending others attacked by it.

This event very much increased the anxiety of Mr. Mason's last days; he was at a loss to whom he could now confide his daughter. Blinded by his too unsuspecting confidence, he conceived it prudent to nominate as her guardian one of the most eminent bankers in Paris, in whose hands all his funds were placed; who had constantly evinced the greatest interest in his welfare, and who was generally esteemed to have acted in all the relations of life with uprightness and integrity.

This arrangement being concluded, Mr. Mason directed all his thoughts to preparation for death, and a few days after breathed his last, on the same bed as his dear Lucy.

Chapter III.

As it is Honorine's history we are writing, the preceding particulars relative to her parents may be almost deemed a digression; the short sketch we have given of her childhood must have prepared the reader for the vicissitudes and trials to which the young orphan was subjected, in consequence of the violence of her temper and the injudicious training of her youth.

Mr. Mason's will was very short; he entreated Mr. Blamont, whom he appointed Honorine's guardian, to watch over his dear child's happiness, bequeathing him, as remu-

neration for his trouble, a very handsome legacy, and leaving his daughter an immense fortune. Honorine was now more than eight years old, and understood very well that she had sustained an irreparable loss. The grief caused by her mother's death was vividly renewed by the last sad event; she was for a time quite inconsolable, knowing well that none would ever love her as her mother and father had done. Amongst all the servants, none sympathized so much with her as her nurse Frances, who deeply regretted her master and mistress, with whom she had lived many years. She had taken care of Honorine ever since her birth, and forgetting, in her grief, how much she had had to endure from her violence, she now thought only of consoling her.

But Honorine rejected all her efforts to amuse her; she cried and sobbed, and gave touching proofs of deep sorrow. Mr. Blamont, finding it necessary to pass several days in the late Mr. Mason's house, in order to put himself fully in possession of his affairs, soon perceived that the management of the child would be no easy task; and having vainly tried to pacify her, finally gave directions to have her removed to the country. Honorine loudly protested that the house was hers, and that she would not leave it; but her opposition to her guardian's wishes was of no avail; he proved himself as determined as she was, and not taking the slightest notice of his pretty little ward's rage, quietly desired that preparations should be made for her departure on the following morning.

Poor Frances, who appeared deeply attached to her young mistress, but, unfortunately, was ignorant of the right principles of education, adopted a most dangerous and pernicious system of consolation. "Really," she said, "Mr. Blamont is very unkind to act so tyrannically towards you, my poor, dear child; you, who are so charming, so amiable, and who will yet be one of the richest ladies in Paris; it is particularly unfeeling just now, too, when you are in such deep affliction for your dear papa's death."

From observations like these, Honorine drew this one conclusion: "What use is it to be so rich, if I cannot do as I like, and if I am to die of grief? Sister Frances," she said, "we must run away."

"Run away, my dear young lady, and where are we to go?"

"No matter where, if we only get away from this nasty man."

This plan by no means suited Frances, for she knew very well that Mr. Blamont was invested with an authority which no one could dispute. She, therefore, endeavored to convince Honorine that it was impossible to escape his power, but at the same time reminded her that, when older, she would be her own mistress, as well as one of the richest and most admired persons in Paris, or even in the world, provided she did not destroy her beauty by crying. She foretold that she would be more sought after than any princess in the fairy tales they had read together, and that she would be married to a prince, or at least to a nobleman of very high rank.

Though many years must elapse before these fine prophecies could

be realized, Honorine's vanity was flattered by them, and thus Frances succeeded in pacifying her, and inducing her to submit to circumstances. The child fully decided that she would faithfully improve every opportunity of annoying her guardian, but this project was frustrated by Mr. Blamont's absence, he having prudently left the house till after her departure, to prevent a recurrence of unpleasant scenes. Before leaving, he gave orders to his own servants to use force in removing her, if needful. If Honorine had not seen Frances get into the carriage first, she would have resisted to the last extremity, rather than allow herself to be conducted to it: the certainty, however, of not being separated from her faithful companion in some degree reconciled her to quit her home. The little girl had another favorite, with which nothing could induce her to part. This was a beautiful gray parrot, which Mr. Blundell had sent her, after having taught it to repeat several sentences; and as Honorine was continually petting it, it had become greatly attached to her. Mr. Blamont's servants vainly endeavored to prevent her bringing it with her; she showed such determined obstinacy on this point, that they were compelled to submit. Just as the carriage was starting, Honorine caught sight of the windows of her father's apartment, the shutters of which were closed; at that moment all her well-grounded sorrow was renewed, and her whims were forgotten. "Poor, dear, good papa!" she exclaimed, as she leant on the coach-door to take a long last look at the windows; but the vehicle moving on, she soon lost sight of the paternal mansion, and as she found herself thus forcibly separated from the home of her childhood, she shed tears of real affection and deep grief. It was in vain that Frances reminded her she would destroy her eyes. This and similar arguments produced no effect; but when, after passing through Paris, she inhaled the pure and refreshing breeze of the country, and enjoyed the pleasing prospect presented by the suburbs of the capital, novelty of scene gradually brought comfort. The destined term of her journey was the residence of Mr. Blamont's aunt, an old-fashioned castle, some leagues from Paris. It was nearly dark when she reached it; an avenue of great length led to the black-looking building, and a park of very gloomy appearance lay behind. The lateness of the hour and the loneliness of the place at once invested it with gloom in the imagination of Honorine; and even Frances, who, truth to tell, more than half believed in ghosts, could not refrain from an emotion of terror.

The travellers alighted, and an old gray-headed man, nearly doubled in two, opened the door with most respectful salutations. The servants who met them in the corridors, appeared also to belong to a past age; and the sight of so many solemn faces, while it depressed the child's spirits, renewed her ill-humor. After repeated investigations of the parcel she carried in her hand, the old servant at last satisfied himself that it was nothing more nor less than a parrot's cage; and, as a sequel to the astounding discovery, he begged

most respectfully to inform her, that animals of all descriptions being interdicted an entrance to his mistress's apartments, she must be contented to leave her pet at the gardener's lodge.

"Give up Jaquot?" she exclaimed, in indignant surprise; "most certainly not. He always stays in my room, and he shall not leave me!"

"My dear young lady," replied old Comyns, in a most supplicating tone; "I dare not let him into the drawing-room; my mistress's orders on the subject are positive."

"I say he shall go to the drawing-room," screamed Honorine; "or if not, neither will I enter it. My dear Jaquot shall stay with me, or I will go back to Paris."

As she spoke, the drawing-room door opened, and Honorine beheld, for the first time, Mrs. Richard, her guardian's aunt. The lady was considerably advanced in years, and having lived in utter seclusion so long as totally to lose sight of the world and its fashions, she was habited in the antique costume of a full half century past. Unaccustomed to restrain her impulses, or evince any respect for others, Honorine greeted the strange apparition with a hearty burst of laughter; and, turning to Frances, she said—

"Really, nurse, this must be Dr. Blundell's great-great-grandmother. Don't you remember the picture in his study?"

The remark was made in a loud tone of voice, and followed by another ringing peal of laughter.

"I am much surprised," said the old lady, gravely, "that my nephew should have sent me a rude, impertinent, little girl, instead of the gentle, well-mannered young lady, I expected. But, Comyns," she added, turning to the servant, "why have you let this parrot in here, when you know I never allow animals in the house?"

"You need not scold the poor old man," said Honorine, "this parrot is mine, and if I am to remain here, it must stay with me."

At the same time she held Jaquot firmly with both her hands, and cast a look of defiance at her astonished hostess. Mrs. Richard indignantly withdrew, having first desired Comyns to show her nephew's ward to the apartments prepared for her, and then to go to Paris, and tell Mr. Blamont to come at once, and remove her disagreeable guest.

Honorine, quite delighted at this order, hastened to her room, where she fondly caressed her parrot, saying to it, again and again,—"Many thanks, dear Jaquot; you have done me an immense service."

(To be continued.)

THE FATE OF THE FAIRY SWAN.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

A note prefixed by Moore to his pathetic song, "*Silent, O Moyle! be the voice of thy waters!*" will explain this little poem.

"Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was by some supernatural power transformed into a Swan, and condemned to wander for many hundred years over certain lakes and rivers of Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the Mass-bell was to be the signal of her release."

The fanciful fiction (typical, no doubt, of the release of the soul, through the agency of the Gospel, from the dark thraldom of superstition) was found among the manuscript translations from the Irish in the possession of the late Countess of Moira.

"When shall the Swan her death-note singing
Sleep with wings in darkness furled?
When shall heav'n its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit from this stormy world?"

Song of Fionnuala.

I.

Up and down the crystal river
Sailed the fair enchanted Swan;
In the east a rose-flush quivered,
In the west the stars grew wan:
On the bank in costume rude,
Knelt a mighty multitude.

II.

And the dew, in gentle showers,
Bathed the bishop's cope and crook;
Gemmed the altar crowned with flowers,
Flashed on chalice, bell, and book:
While the priest upon the grass,
Offered up the first great Mass.

III.

First great Mass on Erin's altars!
Sunburst brighter than the dawn!
Closer to the reeds and rushes,
Swam the fair enchanted Swan—
Throbbing fast, and drooping low,
Feathered breast, and wings of snow.

IV.

With her weird bright eyes she watched them,
That mysterious multitude—
Prostrate on the ground, and sobbing
As they beat their breasts subdued:
Every lip (unshorn or bare),
Trembling with ecstatic prayer.

V.

"Sanctus! Sanctus! Sanctus!"—murmured
At the shrine the bending priest,
All was still—the very breathing
Of that mighty gath'ring ceased,
As upon the hush there fell
Silvery tinkling of a bell!

VI.

Sacred sound, so long awaited!
Blessed chiming, long deferred!
In the mist, among the rushes,
Something white and trembling stirred
As the bird, in rapture strong,
Sang her last delicious song.

VII.

"Farewell! Erin, 'mid the waters,
Shining like an em'rald green!
Ne'er again shall Fionnuala,
On your sparkling lakes be seen—
After ages of unrest,
Sweet shall be her slumbers blest.

VIII.

"Christ has triumphed! Christ has riven
From my soul its shackles sore—
Farewell, Erin! child of heaven!
Never shall I see thee more.
Chime, O chime! thou silvery bell!
Lir's lone daughter breathes farewell!"

IX.

Ringing sweetly—ringing softly—
Lo! a white ethereal shape,
With the last clear note of triumph,
Winged to heaven its glad escape!
Farewell, lough! farewell bright river!
Fionnuala is free forever!

UNDER THE COMMUNE.

NARRATIVE OF THE OCCUPATION BY THE COMMUNE, AND THE DELIVERANCE BY THE TROOPS, OF THE CENTRAL HOUSE OF CHARITY OF THE SISTERS OF S. VINCENT OF PAUL, RUE DU BAC, PARIS.

Most Catholic visitors in Paris are acquainted with the large house of the Sisters of Charity in the Rue du Bac, its enormous length of frontage to the street, its wide *porte cochère*, and within the gates its avenue of limes, its beautiful church and vast reception-room, where the Sisters in their gray dresses and white cornettes (now quite a familiar sight in London) go in and out on all sorts of charitable business, receiving in their frank, simple, cordial manner poor visitors, and dismissing rather summarily idle ones. There is no house in the world like that mother-house of the immense community of Sisters of Charity. It is like a hive from whence swarm in every direction through the street of Paris those Sisters of whom their holy founder, S. Vincent of Paul, said that "their monasteries were hospitals, their cells hired rooms, their chapel the parish church, and their cloisters the streets—their inclosure obedience, their gate the fear of God, and their diet holy modesty." From that house some of them also daily take their departure for distant countries, carrying with them the self-same rule, the self-same spirit, the same indefatigable love of God and of the poor. That house, so dear to every Catholic heart, not only in France, but wherever the daughters of S. Vincent of Paul are known and loved, ran great dangers during the last days of the lawless rule of the Commune, and escaped almost by a miracle the doom with which it was threatened. By the middle of May almost all the Sisters of Charity of the various arrondissements had been driven out of their houses and compelled to quit Paris. Up to that time those at the mother-house had not been molested, but felt, of course, very uneasy about the future. Their apprehensions were soon to be realized. On the 15th of May notice was privately given to the Mother-General that they might expect a domiciliary visit that day, and that the papers and archives of the community would be put under seal. The most essential precautions were immediately taken, in so far at least as was possible at that moment, for no parcels of any sort could then leave Paris without a strict search. A week, however, elapsed without anything taking place—a week of suspense and fear, for every day tidings were brought of other religious communities having been summarily expelled.

On the 20th, at 10 o'clock in the evening, the door-bell rang. The portress looked out of the window, and saw a crowd of armed men, who were asking for admittance in the name of the Commune. In obedience to the instructions that had been given to her, she begged to know if this visit could not be possibly put off till the morning,

"There are a great number of us here," she said, "and we should be very much obliged to you if you could grant us a few hours' delay."

One of the men said he would go and take the orders of the Commune on that point, and a good many of the others followed him. The Mother-General and the Sister-assistant went to one of the rooms that looked into the street to await their return. A dense crowd had by that time gathered round the house. The Sisters were desired to withdraw at once to their respective dormitories. A delegate of the Commune soon appeared and gave orders to open the door. He came accompanied by a dozen National Guards, a captain, and a sergeant. He said: "Do not be frightened, Sisters, we shall not hurt you, in fact, we have come here to take care of you." He then told the Mother-General that he must locate his men in the house, and inquired what place could be assigned for this purpose. She showed him the parlor. He said it would do, and ordered the National Guards to take possession of it. After that, he announced that he must visit the portion of the building occupied by the Seminary (the Noviciate). The Mother-General said: "Sir, if we are to be sent away, I should like to have a few days' notice. It is not, as you can suppose, an easy thing to vacate at once a house in which there are as many as 399 persons. Amongst these are 130 young girls, and several infirm persons." The delegate shrugged his shoulders and smiled; it was evident that he perfectly well knew what were the intentions of the Commune, but he answered that it was no business of his. No doubt remained in the minds of the Sisters that the plan was to turn their house into a citadel, and to fire from it on the advancing regular troops. The Mother-General saw at once that there was no help for it, and that the community must, as speedily as possible, abandon the house.

The delegate next inquired if there was any other door opening on the streets, and the Mother-General mentioned the one in the Rue de Babylone. As she took him to see it, he always insisted when they went through a door that she should pass before him a piece of politeness which gave her very little comfort. The street door was ordered to be left half open, and two sentinels placed outside. The soldiers occupied the parlor. The delegate then withdrew, reiterating his assurances that no harm was meant to the Sisters. Notwithstanding this declaration, the night was a sleepless and most anxious one. Scarcely an eye was closed, though every one in obedience to the orders given retired to her bed. They felt as if their ardent prayers to be allowed to remain in the beloved home of their early religious life were not going to be granted; and that a higher favor, perhaps, was about to be bestowed upon them—one from which nature shrank though faith accepted it—a share in the Cross and sufferings of our Divine Lord. For the first time within the memory of the inmates of that home no bell rang at four o'clock, A.M., as a signal for rising. But there was no need for it that morning. The Sisters were soon up and assembled for prayer.

A great consolation awaited those of the Habits (so called in contradistinction to the Novices); they were summoned to the Sacristy to receive the Holy Eucharist. In prevision of such an emergency, orders had been given by the ecclesiastical authorities, that if no priest could come to them, they should, nevertheless, communicate and consume the Host. Short was the time for preparation, but the prayers and acts of resignation in which the night had been spent, were, no doubt, accepted as such by Our Divine Lord. All repaired to the chapel to make their thanksgivings. No Mass was said there that day. The Mother-General had found means to apprise the Father-Director of S. Lazare of the situation of the house, and that his appearance would be a signal danger both to himself and to them. But she managed to obtain permission to go out, and hastened to S. Lazare in order to confer with him, and decide on the measures to be taken. They agreed that she should solicit an authorization for the whole community to leave the house, and on her return she prevailed on Citoyen Lefevre, one of the National Guards on duty, to apply for it. He answered for obtaining it from Citoyen Picard, and was as good as his word. He soon came back with the permission duly signed. The Novices were to be the first to leave, and one of the Sisters was dispatched to the Lyons terminus, where she vainly solicited a reduction in the price of the tickets, a favor invariably granted to the Sisters of Charity in France. She engaged twelve railway omnibuses to convey the Novices to the station. They were to leave the Rue du Bac at four; their destination was Montolieu. In the meantime the Mother-General had given to the Habit Sisters (Sœurs de S. Habit) directions as to the various places they were to proceed to—some late that evening, some early the next morning. It was with unspeakable sadness that they packed up their scanty worldly goods. At the thought of leaving the time-honored Sanctuary, which had been to all of them the birthplace of their religious life, they found it difficult to say cheerfully the *fiat* of acquiescence; but the moment of separation was at hand, and the carriages at the door, when Citoyen Lefevre arrived with an order from Citoyen Urbain, the adjoint of the Mayor in that arrondissement, forbidding any one to leave the house without his own special and duly signed permission, which he intended to bring himself. She profited by the interval to assemble round her all the Novices, and to say to them a few words at the moment of separation. They then went with heavy hearts to take their places in the carriages which were waiting for them. A long and weary delay ensued. The adjoint did not appear for some time. As the people passed along the street, they stopped to look at what was going on. Many a blessing was uttered on the Sisters, and many muttered expressions of indignation against those who were obliging them to depart. "Never mind, Sisters," an old man said, "they are driving you away, but your numbers will increase in consequence, and everybody feels for you." The National Guards placed

at the door were roundly abused by the passers-by, and they had to call the Sisters to witness that they had behaved well to them, which they certainly could testify, for though these men had performed the odious task assigned to them, their personal conduct had been unexceptionable.

At last the adjoint made his appearance. He reproved the sergeant of the guard for having, at the request of one of the assistant Sisters, brought him a message to hurry his movements. He told him his business in the house was to command, and not to obey. That the Sisters had no business to apply to the Commune for any permission, as he was himself charged with the direction of the Maisons de Secours, and the educational establishments of the arrondissement. The Sister-assistant told him that the mother-house was not a Maison de Secours. "But you have a school," he answered. "No, sir." "Then who," he asked with a sneer, "are the 130 girls you spoke of?" "They are here to be trained in the service of God," she replied, but not much expecting this would enlighten him. He made an ironical observation, and they went for the Mother-Superior, to whom he was rather more civil. He insisted on having a copy given him of the list of all Novices that were to leave that day, and also of the Sisters who were to take their departure on the morrow, with all the particulars as to their ages, families, birth-places, &c. This was evidently done in order to have time to visit the house and garden for ultimate purposes. He occupied himself with this inspection while they were transcribing the list he required. The sister who was obliged to show him over the place heard him say to the sergeant of the post, "This will make a capital battery." At last the order was signed, and the carriages with the young Sisters drove away to the station. Here they were made to undergo a minute inspection of their baskets, containing a few provisions for the journey, which made them miss the train. They could not get away till ten o'clock at night, and then were obliged to leave their baskets behind. As the Citoyen Urbain was coming out of the house a woman cried out to him, "If I had only a pistol in my hand I would blow your brains out. We want the Sisters, and we don't want you!" The unhappy man was sure to go to his account, though not by the hands of this desperate partisan of the Sisters. Three days afterwards he was killed.

The night was spent in writing out the list required by the adjoint. It was not finished till two o'clock in the morning, but the Sisters did not venture to disturb that functionary till much later, though they were intensely anxious to get the order signed, having good reason to apprehend that there was danger of the Mother-General being detained as a hostage. The whole Community had gathered round her to receive her parting instructions. What she said to them on this occasion is a wonderful specimen of the simple and practical spirit of the order of S. Vincent of Paul.

At a moment of so much anxiety and excitement little things are

thought of and eventualities foreseen with calmness and presence of mind which makes us understand the efficiency of this numerous army of charity. For instance, after directions as to spiritual duties and the spirit in which their exile was to be accepted, the Mother-General plainly tells the Sisters that it was very probable they may have to make a fresh start in complete poverty, and, therefore, to fill their bags with nothing but what was positively useful. No books even, with the exception of the Manual and Imitation of Christ, but to take in them as much linen as possible, as that would serve to begin a *lingerie* if the one in Paris were destroyed. She herself was going to leave behind all the rare and valuable things that had been sent home from the foreign missions. Gladly would she have remained in the Rue du Bac till the last Sister had departed, but the known wishes of their Very Rev. Father (the General of the Lazarists, Superior also of the Order of the Sisters of Charity) obliged her, if she could, to go at once; at the same time it was very probable that the Commune would detain her as a hostage. She is as ready to obey against her inclination as quietly to anticipate the other alternative. And then she bids them farewell in a few words: "God only knows when we shall all meet again, if indeed we are to meet again at all in this world. I hope so, but we must leave the future in His hands."

After receiving her blessing, the Sisters, who were all in tears, proceeded silently and sadly to the Refectory, feeling that this was perhaps the last time they would sit down to a meal together. They had hardly seated themselves when the voice of one of the Sister-assistants was heard, saying: "Mother, we are saved!" She had just heard the news that the troops had entered Paris, and were marching in their direction. For once silence was broken, excusably enough it will be admitted, by exclamations between prayers and thanksgivings. "Is it possible? Is it true? Can it really be so?" They had so often been deceived by similar reports. The Mother-General could hardly believe the announcement, and tried to keep down their hopes. Many of the Sisters rushed to the chapel, and, throwing themselves on their knees, poured forth their gratitude to our Blessed Lord, who, through the intercession of His Immaculate Mother, was about to deliver them. In a quarter of an hour the news was confirmed, and the whole Community joined in saying the Rosary in thanksgiving.

A providential circumstance, as is well known, had hastened the entry of the troops, which had been fixed for a more distant day. Who can help believing that this was in answer to the prayers of so many holy souls in jeopardy at that fearful moment?

The terrible noise of the cannon firing upon the houses and nearing every moment, warned the Sisters that if on one hand the hour of deliverance from the Commune was approaching, on the other they were running the greatest dangers; but in the joy and excitement of that moment they had no fear of death. It seemed to them sweeter by far to die, if such were the will of God, in the blessed Sanctuary to which

they had clung in faith and love during those long terrible weeks, than to be forced to quit their cherished home and their beloved Mother and Sisters. And then a strong confidence in the protection of the Blessed Virgin gave them a feeling of security, even when at nine o'clock a fearful battle began to rage at their very doors. The barracks in the Rue de Babylone were in the power of the troops, and the Rue du Bac swept by artillery was literally strewn with corpses.

The so-called *Protectors* of the previous days had lost all their courage. They began by closing the entrance door, and for some time pretended to keep guard inside; but soon they begged the Sisters to go to the door in case any one asked to come in. One of them answered, "Then if you have nothing to do here, go into the parlor," a hint they gladly took. A moment afterwards, when the door had been opened for a minute by a Sister and she was turning the key, one of them ran out and cried, "Turn it twice, Sister, to make quite sure." In the course of the morning their wives, who were frightened about them, brought some clothes to aid them to escape. Two of the husbands went into the chapel with their wives, and prayed more devoutly than they had probably done for a long time. The Mother-General permitted them to remain in the house, being unwilling to cause their arrest. Most of them managed to get away in the afternoon; five only were not gone by the evening. They resolved at last to cross the threshold, but had not gone many steps before they were made prisoners. At eight o'clock some of the regular soldiers came to ask for the arms these men had left behind. The Sister-assistant said, "We should be very sorry to be the occasion of their deaths." "Yes, yes," they answered, "you would not hurt them, we know; but we know too the harm they wanted to do, and we have come in time to save you." They then went away. The night that followed was dreadful. Till seven o'clock in the morning the firing continued incessantly. The troops were storming a barricade under the walls of the Hospital for Incurables. The Sisters assembled in the chapel in hopes that M. Mailly, their almoner, would be able to reach the house and to say Mass. But it was impossible to cross the streets from St. Lazare. Soon after seven the troops carried the barricade. The insurgents concentrated themselves in the space where the Hospice des Menages used to stand, and for some time the roar of the cannon was fearful, and houses fell in every direction. By ten o'clock the soldiers lined the Rue du Bac. The sisters provided them as quickly as they could with food, for they were exhausted with hunger and fatigue. They had just time to eat their soup, and just as slices of meat were being handed to them the rappel was heard, and they were obliged to march on. From that moment shells began to fall on the house and to burst on every side. The Mother-General had a narrow escape—one struck the wall under her window, which, if it had exploded, must have killed her. Another set the house on fire. The most able-bodied of the Sisters worked hard to extinguish it, whilst

the others prayed as hard in the chapel, and the flames were put out before much damage had been done. It was principally from the barricade at Montrouge that the fire was kept up.

At the usual hour the Sisters were ordered to retire to their beds. The night seemed very long: for the noise of the cannon and the falling of shells did not cease. No one could sleep, and all were glad when four o'clock struck; and still more when, on going into chapel, they saw the candles on the altar lighted for Mass. They received Holy Communion with the liveliest feelings of gratitude. It happened to be the Feast of Our Lady Help of Christians. Whilst they were making their thanksgiving, a message came to the Mother-General to say that a number of families, whose houses had been destroyed during the night, were seeking for shelter. She went immediately to invite the women and children into the parlor, and advised the men to go to St. Lazare (the house of the Lazarist Fathers). Two Sisters were appointed to wait on these poor people, who were lodged and fed for two days in the house. In the course of the day the firing stopped. The barricade at the Croix Rouge had been taken; but now a new and terrible anxiety succeeded the horrors of the fighting. Dense clouds of smoke gave warning of the conflagrations which were beginning to rage in every direction. The impossibility of obtaining accurate information increased the alarm. People came to the house bringing all sorts of reports, many of which proved too true. First, that the Tuilleries were on fire; a moment afterwards, the Hotel de Ville; then the Palais de Justice; and, closer to them still, that of the Legion d'Honneur. Fragments of burning or blackened paper flying about the air were blown down the streets and into the garden, and the whole of Paris seemed likely to become a prey to the flames. A violent shock was felt, and then an officer rushed in to ask if one hundred ambulance beds could be prepared. The Sisters offered fifty at once, and said they would get the others ready, but after all they were not required. It was supposed that the explosion at the Luxembourg had wounded many of the Versailles soldiers, but it had providentially taken place just before their passage and done them consequently no harm. The Mother's house was, however, made the head-quarters for the time being of all the ambulances in the open air, and the court was filled with wagons and horses. The consequences of this were immediately apparent, it became the object of a violent discharge of artillery from the barricade in the Marche St. Germain. The Sisters were obliged to take refuge in the cellars. Shells fell again on the roof and against the walls, making large holes and shattering some parts of the building. M. Mailly spent the whole day going from one part of the house to another, examining the shells and ascertaining those that had not burst were not filled with petroleum. It was late in the evening before he felt secure on that point. Towards nightfall a messenger came to give notice to the Sisters that the gas-works were expected to blow up,

but this danger was warded off. They experienced, however, the shock of the explosion of the stores of brandy at Bercy, though not so severely as the one at the Luxembourg. The night was still a very anxious one, for they could hear the cannon louder than ever, and knew that a desperate struggle was going on. At last the next morning the news reached them that the Hotel de Ville was taken and the party of order triumphant! Looking back on the dangers they so narrowly escaped, and welcoming their Novices to the home so wonderfully preserved, and which they had not been obliged to leave even for a day, their hearts were raised to God with unbounded gratitude for his countless mercies.

MARTIN JOHN SPALDING.

THE WORKS OF HIS GRACE, THE MOST REV. M. J. SPALDING, ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE; comprising

1. The History of the Protestant Reformation in Germany, Switzerland, England, Ireland, Scotland, the Netherlands, France, and Northern Europe. 2 vols.
2. Lectures on the Evidences of Catholicity.
3. Miscellanea; being Essays and Lectures, Historical, Literary, and Theological.
4. Sketches of the Early Catholic Missions of Kentucky.
5. Sketches of the Life, Times, and Character of Bishop Flaget.
6. Fugitive Pieces.

BALTIMORE: JOHN MURPHY & CO.

ONE of the objects for which this Magazine was instituted is the wider diffusion among Catholics of the writings of our native Catholic authors. It is a subject of profound regret that our people are, for various reasons, unacquainted with the rich treasures of theology, history, and literature, that have been contributed to American letters by Catholic culture and scholarship. The impression has gone abroad that there is no Catholic authorship of any eminence in this country; that our press is immeasurably inferior in merit and influence to that of the least of sects; that our books and magazines do not raise even a ripple on the current of American thought, or affect in the slightest degree the tone of the public mind on theological or philosophical problems.

This false idea originates in the lack of means, which Catholics appear to have, to discover the abundance and the excellence of American Catholic literature. It is a noticeable fact that but few of our reviews and periodicals give that prominence to the productions of native authorship to which their intrinsic worth entitles them; and it has been truly said that the work of advertising a good Catholic book is left almost exclusively to its pub-

lisher, whose efforts to circulate it are frequently ascribed to the meanest of motives.

It is to better this state of things, and to endeavor to awaken our Catholics to a consciousness of the value and beauty of the works of our native writers, that we intend devoting occasionally a few pages to a careful and extensive review of the works of eminent Catholic genius in this country. We begin with His Grace, the present Primate of our national Church, not only because of his exalted position and character, but also because his writings are worthy of a place among the best creations of native literary talent, Protestant as well as Catholic.

A biographical notice of this illustrious prelate will prove interesting to our readers, though we regret to say that we have been unable to obtain the biographical minutiæ which, trifling as they read, best illustrate the character of the man. He who has so beautifully and graphically depicted the life and character of Bishop Flaget, has been singularly reticent on the subject of his own private life. We believe that when he was requested to permit the publication of a number of reminiscences in which he was the principal actor, he steadfastly refused. It is to be hoped, however, that he himself will leave a memoir of a life which has been spent in the services of the Church, and which has exerted on her destiny and mission in America so powerful and beneficent an influence.

He was born in Marion County, Kentucky, May 23d, 1810, just at the time when Bishop Flaget was entering on his episcopal career in the West. Kentucky was still the "dark and bloody ground." Throughout the vast extent of the state, there were but eight priests to assist the venerable Bishop in his labors to supply the spiritual wants of his flock, which numbered about six thousand souls. This saintly prelate, in the early part of the year 1812, rode eight hundred miles on horseback, on missionary duty. "His life is identified with the early history of the Catholic Church in the West and South, for a period of more than forty years. The first Bishop who came to the West, he labored for several years alone; and he lived to see eleven new Dioceses —including an Apostolic Vicariate —springing up within the limits of the vast territory, either comprised in his original diocese, or placed for some time under his episcopal supervision."

It was under the paternal care and love, and with the example of this holy bishop before him, that young Spalding entered upon and pursued his ecclesiastical studies; first, at St. Joseph's College, Bardstown, and next at St. Mary's, Lebanon. The Archbishop has left us an interesting sketch of both these institutions: "St. Joseph's College had its humble commencement as a day-school, in a basement room of the old Seminary at Bardstown, about the year 1820; and St. Mary's was founded in the following year. The Rev. G. A. M. Elder was selected by the Bishop to be the founder, and first president of the former, and his intimate friend, Rev. Wm. Byrne, was chosen to fulfil the same offices for the latter. These two clergymen had all the qualities re-

quisite for success in the arduous undertakings assigned them; and God's blessing did not fail to attend their efforts.

"The institutions respectively founded by these two devoted priests, after having gone through many vicissitudes and reverses, were placed at last on a secure footing. For twenty-eight years the secular clergy had charge of St. Joseph's College; and during a great part of this time the theological seminary was placed near the College, the seminarians teaching, or performing duty therein, a few hours per day. The Bishops for many years lived in the Seminary and ate at the same table with the young candidates for the priesthood. This connection of the two institutions had its advantages as well as inconveniences. Experience, however, showed that many of the seminarians had their vocations shaken by being thrown so much in contact with youth of the world; while scarcely a candidate for the ministry was obtained among those who received their education in the College. The Bishop was greatly distressed at this, and he adopted every means in his power to obviate or correct the evil.

"For this purpose he established at St. Thomas' a preparatory seminary for such young men as might give indications of a vocation to the ecclesiastical state. This seminary was placed at first under the charge of the Rev. M. Derigand, and after his death it continued in operation for several years, but was finally closed.

"The founding of St. Mary's College and its remarkable success for twelve years, were attributable to the zeal and indomitable energy of one man. Without money or men to help him, the Rev. W. Byrne purchased the farm and erected the buildings, paying the whole cost in tuition. He did more. He formed himself the teachers who were to aid him in carrying on the College. He originated everything. And what is more remarkable still, he exercised, at the same time, the holy ministry in the neighboring congregations. He was always the last in bed, and the first up in the morning; though often in the course of the night he was for many hours absent visiting the sick.

"The two colleges of St. Joseph and St. Mary became corporate institutions by an act of the Legislature, and received the privilege of conferring degrees. They both passed through an ordeal of fire—St. Mary's more than once—but they both rose again from their ashes with renewed beauty and splendor."

Dr. Spalding was sent to Rome to complete his studies, and he returned home in July, 1834. Since that time his history is familiar to the Catholics of the country. First, chosen for the episcopacy of Louisville, and next deemed worthy of the Primacy, he has shown himself a bishop such as the Apostle describes, and by his virtues and his learning has shed a lustre, not only on the hierarchy and the Church over which the Holy Spirit has placed him, but also on the Church universal; for the labors, energy, and abilities he displayed in the Council of the Vatican have become part of its history.

As an author, his distinguishing characteristic is versatility. Whilst

the greater part of his writings is theological and controversial, he has evidenced, even in fugitive pieces, occasional lectures, and merely literary articles, powers that form the poet and the brilliant essayist. Illustrations of this versatility occur frequently in his "Sketches of the Kentucky Missions."

Take, for instance, the following sketch of emigrant life in Kentucky fifty years ago:

"The early Catholic emigrants to Kentucky, in common with their brethren of other denominations, had to endure many privations and hardships. As we may well conceive, there were few luxuries to be found in the wilderness, in the midst of which they had fixed their new habitations. They often suffered even for the most indispensable necessaries of life. To obtain salt, they had to travel for many miles to the licks, through a country infested with savages; and they were often obliged to remain there for several days, until they could procure a supply. There were then no regular roads in Kentucky. The forests were filled with a luxuriant undergrowth, thickly interspersed with the cane, and the whole closely interlaced with the wild pea-vine. These circumstances rendered them nearly impassable; and almost the only chance of effecting a passage through this vegetable wilderness, was by following the paths, or *traces*, made by the herds of buffalo and other wild beasts. Luckily, these *traces* were numerous, especially in the vicinity of the licks, which the buffalo were in the habit of frequenting, to drink the salt water, or *lick* the earth impregnated with salt.

"The new colonists resided in log cabins, rudely constructed, with no glass in the windows, with floors of dirt, or, in the better sort of dwellings, of puncheons of split timber, roughly hewn with the axe. After they had worn out the clothing brought with them from the old settlements, both men and women were under the necessity of wearing buckskin or homespun apparel. Such a thing as a store was not known in Kentucky for many years; and the names of broadcloth, ginghams and calicoes, were never even so much as breathed. Moccasins made of buckskin supplied the place of our modern shoes; blankets thrown over the shoulder answered the purpose of our present fashionable coats and cloaks; and handkerchiefs tied around the head served instead of hats and bonnets. A modern fashionable bonnet would have been a matter of real wonderment in those days of unaffected simplicity. The furniture of the cabins was of the same primitive character. Stools were used instead of chairs; the table was made of slabs of timber, rudely put together; wooden vessels and platters supplied the place of our modern plates and china-ware; and 'a tin cup was an article of delicate furniture, almost as rare as an iron fork.' The beds were either placed on the floor, or on bedsteads of puncheons, supported by forked pieces of timber driven into the ground, or resting on pins let into auger-holes in the sides of the cabin. Blankets and bear and buffalo skins, constituted often the principal bed-covering. One of the

chief resources for food was the chase. All kinds of game were then very abundant; and when the hunter chanced to have a goodly supply of ammunition, his fortune was made for the year. The game was plainly dressed, and served up on wooden platters, with corn bread, and the Indian dish, the well-known *hominy*. The corn was ground with great difficulty, on the laborious hand-mills; for mills of other descriptions were then, and for many years afterwards, unknown in Kentucky. Such was the simple manner of life led by *our* 'pilgrim fathers.' They had fewer luxuries, but perhaps were, withal, more happy than their more fastidious descendants. Hospitality was not then an empty name; every log cabin was freely thrown open to all who chose to share in the best cheer its inmates could afford. The early settlers of Kentucky were bound together by the strong ties of common hardships and dangers —to say nothing of other bonds of union—and they clung together with great tenacity.

"On the slightest alarm of Indian invasion, they all made common cause, and flew together to the rescue. There was less selfishness and more generous chivalry, less bickering and more cordial charity, then, than at present; notwithstanding all our boasted refinement."

Another characteristic of Dr. Spalding's genius is its power of utilization. He lays under tribute every department of science, art and letters, when he needs any or all of them to illustrate a point of theology. No illustration is too humble, no author too obscure, no saying is too commonplace for him when he has a dispute to settle or an obscurity to clear up. This is particularly evident in his "History of the Reformation," which is a very storehouse of varied and minute erudition. Into this remarkable book he has condensed volumes of Catholic criticism and tomes of theological disquisition on the principles and workings of Protestantism. But, above and beyond all other Catholic writers, he has refuted the Reformation, and what is harder to do, confounded its historians. Combining the powers of historical criticism which characterized Bossuet with the penetrative and analytic mind of Moehler, he has produced a review of the Reformation which neither the *Variations* nor *Symbolism* equals.

We have said that it is more difficult to refute the historians of Protestantism that the religious system itself. The reason is, that the intrinsic absurdity of its doctrines is by itself their confutation, but the history of the movement and its authors has been so deftly manipulated, that it is made to screen and justify them. It has been, as DeMaistre says, a conspiracy against the truth for the past three centuries, and Spalding undertook to meet the chief of the conspirators, unmask their plans, disclose their plots, and unravel their schemes. Had he to deal only with abstract questions of Protestant doctrine and morals, his labor would have been comparatively light; but to trace these doctrines historically, and to examine their relative influence on the politics and civilization of modern Europe, ma-

terially increase the difficulty. It, moreover, entered into his plan, to review, criticize, and refute the historians and the critics regarded even by Catholics as oracles, and to show the sophistry and bad faith lurking under the mask of historical tolerance and fair criticism. He had to sift evidence that was taken as trustworthy, impeach the veracity of seemingly unexceptionable witnesses, test the validity of claims admitted to be well founded, and meet prejudices that were simply inborn.

All this he had to accomplish with materials and instruments which were themselves open to suspicion. He found history falsified, criticism prejudiced, good faith lacking, and opponents bent on admitting nothing. He assailed the pet historian of the Reformation, who had all the universities in Europe searching history for him; he attacked men whose life-long studies had been devoted to a single purpose, that of making out a case against the Church; he threw down the gauntlet to critics before whose dicta the schools and the press bowed in lowly reverence; he attacked errors and prejudices that were the growth of centuries, and that were fostered and nourished by every influence. Let his merit be judged by the result. D'Aubignè, in the last edition of his book, modified statements which Spalding nailed as lies; the critics are silenced; the Reformation has ceased to be an idol before which grotesque fanaticism can offer incense; the book was hailed with joy by Catholics in all parts of Europe, who were badgered and insulted by vapid quotations from D'Aubignè, and the American prelate was greeted as the modern Bossuet.

To give our readers that are not fully acquainted with this masterpiece of historical criticism an idea of its character and plan, we shall summarize its contents. We trust, however, that no one will rest contented with this necessarily brief notice, but will get the book itself, and give it the appreciate study it merits. Our younger Catholics in particular should deem it a matter of conscience to study from Spalding the nature and effects of the great religious revolution, the effects of which are still visible around us, and which even at this day has not lost its pernicious influence. Day by day the forms of thought which it moulded reappear; day by day the questions it agitated, but did not solve, come up for examination; and its origin, concomitants, and consequences, still excite the attention of men and divide their minds. Were our young men conversant with Spalding's able view of its history, they would be better able to meet questions, solve difficulties, and render an account of the faith which the Reformation put forth its giant efforts to subvert.

The Introduction is a rapid and masterly view of Europe before the Reformation. The abuses and scandals which furnished a pretext for the Reformation are freely and impartially examined, but the consequencè, that these abuses justified a departure from the faith, is denied, while the denial is logically proved. The conclusions reached are that the amount and extent of the scandals have been exagger-

ated, that they did not originate in the Church, that there was in the Church a lawful and efficacious remedy for all such evils, and that the real cause of the Reformation lay in the waning of the faith and the subjection of reason and conscience to the passions and desires of men.

Part I submits to a crucial test the character of the Reformers. Luther appears before us, stripped of the garments with which his followers have striven to hide his shame. The contrast between his life as a Catholic and his life as a Protestant is graphically drawn; his blasphemies, his table-talk, his violence and coarseness are exemplified, and the curtain that shrouds the horrors of his death-bed is sorrowfully but firmly uplifted.

Part II discusses the causes and manner of the Reformation, refuting D'Aubignè's opinion, sharply disproving old calumnies about the sale of indulgences, and the corruption of the Papal Court, and showing that the real cause of the movement was pride, with its usual concomitant, impurity. The three last chapters record the progress and the causes of the Reformation in Switzerland, the reaction of Catholicity, and the decline of Protestantism.

Part III is devoted to an examination of the influence exercised by the Reformation on religion, considered under the heads of doctrinal belief, morals, public worship, and the Bible. The author próves that its influence on doctrinal belief leads through every form of fanaticism into infidelity. Its effects on morals flow from the nature of its dogmas, which, denying human will and responsibility, and affirming the all-sufficiency of faith alone, necessarily subvert the moral law. It banishes public worship by excluding from it the sacraments, altars, music, the fine arts and all the accessories that constitute the grandeur of Catholic worship. It degrades the word of God by placing it in the hands of those that wrest it to their own destruction, and its view of indiscriminate reading and interpretation of the Scriptures leads the way to rationalism.

Part IV traces its influence on society. The author shows that Protestantism is incompatible with religious liberty, even whilst vaunting it to the skies; with civil liberty, even whilst professing to be its martyr. Literature has suffered from its presence; civilization has been impeded by its success. The remaining parts are devoted to the history of its introduction into and establishment in England, Scotland, Ireland, and the Netherlands; its attempted invasion of France; and its work in Sweden, and the other countries of Northern Europe. The appendices furnish documentary evidences for certain statements made in the body of the work.

This is a mere outline of this admirable work, but it is sufficient to show our readers its scope and character. From a critical and minute study of its various topics, we do not hesitate to say that there is scarcely a point connected with the origin, progress, nature, results, and manifold influence of the Reformation, which is not unfolded in its compass.

Dr. Spalding is not only a great historian and critic, he is also a

thorough theologian and invincible controvertist. Did his fame as the latter rest only on his miscellaneous theological essays, it would rest on an enduring basis. But he has displayed his powers in the clearest manner in the "Evidences of Catholicity," a book in some respects the equal of his "History." The scope of this work is to exhibit in a plain, straightforward manner, the principal evidences of Catholicity. Premising that the evidences which sustain Catholicity are substantially identical with those which establish Christianity itself, he proceeds to demonstrate this identity. The introductory lecture examines the question of religious inquiry, its obligation and duties; shows the pernicious absurdity of religious indifference; refutes latitudinarianism, and explains what Catholics mean by exclusive salvation. The second chapter opens with a dissertation on the Christian religion, its nature and its attributes; vindicates the Catholic doctrine on the sufficiency of the grace that is given to all; proves that saving truth is in the religion of Christ; discusses the powerlessness of philosophy to save men, and develops the Catholic idea of the Church, its nature, office, and purpose. He next passes to the consideration of the rule of faith, and, after an able refutation of various non-Catholic theories as to what it consists in, establishes, by Scripture and reason, the Catholic doctrine on the subject. This he calls the first evidence.

The second evidence is found in the apostolic commission and its fulfilment in the Church. A scathing survey of the barrenness of the Protestant missions follows, and this, with a parallelism between the success of Catholic preaching and the failure of Protestant Bible-reading, closes the chapter. The third evidence is placed on the gift of miracles, which yet remains in the Church. In this connection is appropriately introduced an analysis of the process of saint-canonization. The fourth evidence consists in the unity and Catholicity of the Church; the fifth in her sanctity; the sixth in her antiquity; the seventh, in her infallibility; the eighth, in her trials and triumphs; the ninth, in the establishment and perpetuation of the Primacy; while several other evidences are found in the preservation of the Bible, the adaptation of Catholic doctrine to the needs of the human intellect and life, and the singular hatred with which the Church is regarded by all sects and denominations.

With this short review of his Grace's literary works we must close, with a feeling of dissatisfaction at its incompleteness and inadequacy. Space has obliged us to omit a notice of his shorter writings, which are all distinguished by the excellencies that shine in his more elaborate works. We hope, however, that our effort to call the attention of the Catholic reading public to the books of their great Primate will not prove wholly unsuccessful.

"VIDIMUS STELLAM EJUS."

Hushed is the starry night,
Orion rests in might,
Lo! where he beckons with his jewelled hand;
The world doth hold her breath,
Above, around, beneath,
To see this wondrous three glide through the land.

All crowned and robed they move,
Their large eyes fixed in love,
In love which seeks in heaven the mystic sign;
They tarry not for food,
Reck nought of rock or flood,
And seek, unknowing, David's kingly line.

O royal-hearted men,
Was it within your ken,
To watch the far-strayed peoples' gathering tide;
Gathering from sin and death
To light of your clear faith,
And flowing through the heavenly gate set wide?

Was yours the opened ear,
New litanies to hear
Of martyrs and apostles, virgins white;
Of innocents, gem-dyed,
Their Lord's escape to hide,
And all the bands who bless the Living Light?

To your prophetic eye,
Was Christ's great kingdom nigh,
Unrolling myriad years in one brief day;
Through all this wintry world,
The Bridegroom's Flag unfurled,
While nations rage and swell, and pass away?

That faith we scarce may scan,
True faith which sight outran,
And drew them o'er the lonely, starlit wild;
We see them kneeling low,
And while they worship, know
The Mother and the Son—her God and Child.

They feel no sad amaze,
The glamour of earth's ways
Betrays them not to fail and shrink in scorn.
Safe in their heart abides
That truth the world derides;
Their God is hid in flesh, in flesh is born.

O star-crowned Kings! behold,
The world in waxing old
Waxed foolish, scorning Mary and her Child;
O help us then to rise,
With swift feet and glad eyes
To seek th' Incarnate God in life's gray wild!

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW.

It matters little, perhaps nothing, how Widow Walsh came to be so sadly reduced in her worldly circumstances as to resolve one fine autumn morning upon placing her eldest daughter Emily in service. Such, however, was the fact; and though it had cost the poor widow many a pang, the more she thought of it, the more she felt convinced that, if she would ward off starvation or the "union" from her household, Emily must "go out."

This sacrifice to stern necessity was not the less felt, from the fact of the family having formerly been in easy circumstances. The wrecks of better days might have been, and still may be traced scattered about their stricken home. The shadow of departed gentility hovered about them, and though some of their less charitable neighbors declared they were vain and proud, it could not truly be said that they did more than attend to the niceties of dress and propriety of manner. They were always respectable amidst their most pinching poverty; and although frequently clad in what would have been dowdy upon many, they contrived at all times to appear neat and clean.

Emily was not old—barely fourteen—yet she remembered their better days: she had not forgotten the noble house and beautiful garden; she had a distinct recollection of her many charming dresses and pretty ribbons; and a composition-doll of the ancient régime was still in the possession of one of the junior members of the family, to be looked at, but not played with. She had been early taught to work, and for years past had toiled hard and cheerfully for her young sisters and brothers. Yet equally with her mother, she retained all the old feelings of the past; and though living amongst the poor, felt she was not of them.

Emily found time, somehow, to tend a pretty little garden—a gem

of a place—and besides, in spare moments, to ply her needle. The envious and the untidy declared that the Walshes starved themselves to dress like fine folk; but the truth was, that little Emily's fairy fingers did it all. A penny ribbon at her magic touch took the guise of the most costly article, whilst humble edging was made to appear the produce of Valenciennes. Then Emily was pretty, and had a light graceful figure, and a sweet, gay, happy way that made her look like the roses in her own garden.

We have said it was autumn. It was; and it was the prospect of a hard and long winter that determined the widow upon placing her daughter out in the world. But where was she to go? Their village was but a score of miles from the city, yet they were as much strangers to it as though a thousand leagues distant: in their own neighborhood there appeared to be no opening for her. At length, a friend amongst the neighbors undertook to write to a friend in the great metropolis; and before a week had expired, the said friend found a place for Emily in a family as nursery-maid. The salary, it was true, was small enough—just a shilling a week, to be paid every seventh day —but it was a beginning, and who could say what it might lead to. What indeed!

The Sharpes, to whom Emily was now engaged, were what is ordinarily termed "respectable people;" that is to say, they kept a gig; and Mr. Sharpe had an office—not a shop—somewhere near the Monument, up a very narrow, business-like lane. He was in the hardware line of business; and not only so in profession, but in nature. Had he been cast and bronzed instead of having been born, he could scarcely have assumed a harder, harsher texture and disposition. He appeared metallic in all his movements; perhaps it happened that, having lost his heart when courting Mrs. Sharpe, he had ordered a bran new one from the foundry.

However, Emily made very good progress notwithstanding her cast-iron master. Mrs. Sharpe was a great invalid, and quite satisfied to leave the nursery entirely in her charge. She could scarcely have done better. It was quite delightful, or rather it would have been, to any but the Sharpes, to see what a marvellous change the widow's daughter wrought amongst that young family. How she loved them, played with them, watched over them, worked for them as though they had been her own brothers and sisters, I can scarcely hope to relate as it deserves to be told. How they found a new life with her; and how much neater and prettier they all appeared, with less actual cost to their parent, who in return doled out the weekly shilling as reluctantly as though it had been coin of purest gold.

Weeks, months passed away, and Christmas came. There had never been such a holiday-time in the Sharpes' house ever since it had been a house. Why, little Emily, pretty, fairy-fingered Emily, made as many beautiful things for the Christmas-tree as would have furnished many a small fancy bazaar. People wondered how she managed to find time for so much work. Emily was not the least happy of

all that merry throng: it would have done you good to have seen how light-hearted she was, and how much prettier she looked when freed from the poverty and care of her village home.

Winter passed away; spring came, and with it the bright sunshine and brighter flowers. But no blossom in the broad sunlight wore a brighter, sweeter look than did Emily amidst the little children on the lawn. Her happy laugh rang amongst the shrubs and flowers; her pretty figure might be seen darting along the gravel walks in pursuit of some recreant little Sharpe: and altogether the widow's daughter scattered so much mirth and happiness around, and appeared so essential to the domestic welfare, that the great difficulty was to imagine how they had ever contrived to live without her.

At length spring waned, and birds and sunny cloudless skies gave promise of a joyous summer. Just then Emily was flung into an ecstasy of delight by the arrival of a cousin and former schoolmate and companion of younger and better days, who, having learned her new abode, came to renew the old friendship. Hugh was now an artist, and had passed some years in Paris, where, besides his professional education, he had acquired many elegant arts and accomplishments, which were well calculated to find favor with one so young and impressible as Emily. It was not difficult to see that they were mutually pleased at the renewal of their acquaintance: he, with her simple, happy, winning ways; she, with his gay and polished manners. They parted, resolved to meet again, and often.

From that day a new life dawned upon the widow's daughter. Hugh was in all her thoughts and aspirations. She dreamed of him; she thought of him; she talked about him to the children. He was so finished in dress and manner, and had seen so much of which she had not even heard; and when Emily contrasted her own simple scant dress with his ample and fashionable garments, a blush of vexation stole across her face, and tears dimmed her blue eyes.

Hugh had asked her to accompany him to see some flower gardens in the neighborhood, and enjoy a stroll through the parks; and as her mistress had given permission, Emily prepared for that delightful evening. She looked through her scanty wardrobe, to see what she should wear. Had she been less regardful of appearance, had she loved and admired Hugh less, or had her own person been less attractive, she might have felt contented with the humble dress and few simple adornments she possessed. Unhappily, it occurred to her as she looked over her little store of wearing apparel, that a new ribbon on her bonnet would greatly improve her appearance; that, in fact, she could scarcely walk out with her cousin, so gaily dressed, and herself wearing such a poor faded weather-beaten ribbon as was then on her bonnet.

But the difficulty lay in obtaining this new ribbon. Her last month's salary, save a few pence kept back for the children, had been sent to her mother, and she should have no further means until the following week. Pondering this in her mind, it occurred to her how easy it would

be to obtain what she required at the shop where her master dealt, in the next street, if asked for in his name: she could pay for the ribbon next week, and no one would be the wiser. Without allowing herself time to weigh the dishonesty of the act, she put her plan in execution. She was known at the haberdasher's, and had no difficulty in obtaining the ribbon: so easy did the process seem, that she was tempted into taking a new pair of gloves and a handkerchief for the neck to match the ribbon, all of which were charged to the account of Mr. Sharpe; whilst Emily left the shop, thinking only of the happy morrow evening, and the walk with her cousin.

That evening came, with a gorgeous sunset and a mellow summer air. They strolled through the parks, and passed the most magnificent gardens; but Emily had heard and seen nothing but her cousin, who had entertained her with such delightful stories of so many charming places and people, that she was perfectly amazed and disappointed when she found herself back at the Sharpes' door, shaking hands, and bidding adieu—her last—to Hugh. He was to set out on the following day for Germany; and with many protestations of regard and remembrance, they parted—he on his travels, and she on a journey she had but little anticipated.

What could Mr. Sharpe want with her in his library next morning early! Alone, seated at his desk, with a more than usual severe countenance, he bade her close the door, with a hard metallic echo in his voice that made it sound like a human gong. Flinging on the table the fatal purchases of the day previous—ribbon, gloves, and handkerchief—the metal voice inquired when he had given her authority to use his name at the haberdasher's, and how many more swindling transactions of a like character she had been concerned in. The wrong she had committed, the offence against the law, worked out by her in that thoughtless evil hour, came full, and vividly, and painfully before her, magnified even beyond its proper proportion by her ignorance. Confusion gave place to terror, vague and oppressive; and sinking into a chair, she buried her face in her hands, and gave full vent to her passion in a flood of tears.

Mr. Sharpe, being a very virtuous and remarkably upright and good man—in his way—delivered himself of a long oration upon the depravity of human nature as existing in the lower orders, and upon the great necessity which existed for nipping in the bud every germ of vice and crime amongst the said orders. He laid some emphasis upon the duty which men at the head of families, and of elevated station—like himself, for instance—owed to society in general, and to themselves and children in particular; and although Emily, amidst her tears and sorrows, could understand but little of all this harangue, she caught the sound of the words "felon," and "jail," and "majesty of the law."

Some people would have been weak enough and silly enough to have sent the weeping girl to her room, with an injunction as to her future conduct, under the impression that justice would gladly have

connived at such an arrangement. But, then, how could the "majesty of the law" have been upheld! How was outraged society to have been vindicated! True, we had forgotten that. The hardware master did not, however. His memory, like his wares, was of an enduring kind; and he did not in this instance forget to stand up for the outraged grades of society against the criminal enormity before him.

The children cried a good deal; Mrs. Sharpe did not know what she should do; and the servants declared it was monstrous when they learned that poor pretty little Emily had gone off in a cab to a terrible prison. It so happened that just at that identical time the the sessions were on, and Mr. Serjeant Kain was in the very thick of his very flourishing business, busily engaged in upholding the majesty of the law. The widow was not long in making her way to her poor child's side; and a sad scene was that of their meeting, even for jailers and such stony people to witness.

The terrible, dreaded day of trial came. Emily was led into court in a state of hysterical terror, which Mr. Serjeant Kain, in the fulness of his judicial wisdom, pronounced the very essence of hypocrisy. Her mother remained as near to her as she dared whispering in her ear comfort that she herself scarcely dared to feel. The process of hearing the case was not by any means a tedious one, and might have been quickly despatched, had the bare facts only been gone into. But the learned serjeant having been just previously defrauded of two noted pickpockets, whom he had inwardly reckoned on as his particular property, determined to wreak his disappointed "majesty" upon the next comer, which, unfortunately, happened to be Emily.

There were no witnesses beyond the tradesman and the master, and their story was soon told. The prisoner did not deny the act of obtaining the goods under false pretences—which was the charge—and would have said more, but was too terrified. The foreman of the jury —a mild-looking man, no doubt the father of a family—began to observe that the case was scarcely such a one as should have been brought on, but was cut short and frowned down by the serjeant, who trembling for the safety of justice and the legal majesty aforesaid, proceeded to sum up the evidence—not a very abstruse affair, one would suppose. But Mr. Serjeant Kain worked it up so artistically, judicially, and threw in such a heap of horrors and monstrosities, that the gentlemen of the jury scarcely recognized the case. When people listened to the learned serjeant's denunciation of serpents, and vipers, and pests of society, and at the same time cast their eyes upon the youthful form and sorrowful face of the prisoner at the bar, they must have thought it one of the least venomous and dangerous specimens of the serpent tribe they had ever read or heard of, or seen in picture-books.

But Serjeant Kain was not the man to be humbugged by crime, simply because it cried when detected. He knew what the world was made of; and he maintained that it was perfectly shocking to see young women of her age, seventeen years or more—the widow shrieked

out, "scarcely fifteen;" but Serjeant Kain frowned her down very indignantly, as though *he* did not know the prisoner's age much better than her mother, and repeated with emphasis, "seventeen"—to see such young women so hardened in the practices of vice; but the jury would of course do their duty—in fact, they had no choice in the matter, for the creature had confessed her guilt.

Amidst the most profound and painful silence in the court, the fatal word "guilty!" was pronounced; but people breathed more freely as the foreman of the jury, with trembling lips and moistened eyes, added, "with a strong recommendation to mercy!" Again the court was hushed, and only the hysterical sobbing of the prisoner was heard, whilst the serjeant proceeded to pass sentence: "Six months' imprisonment, with hard labor!" The foreman of the jury groaned and wept like a child; and there was scarcely a dry eye beyond those of the prosecutor and the judge, as the prisoner—the convict, was carried fainting from the court.

That same evening, the foreman sought the prison in which poor Emily was confined. The keeper of the place had fortunately a better heart than the judge, and had seen the nature of the case at a glance. Risking all consequences, he had conveyed the young prisoner to his own room; and when the juryman arrived, he found her surrounded by kind friends and watchful nurses.

Early on the following day, the kind juryman obtained an instant interview with the Secretary of State, who had no sooner heard an outline of the case, than he decided what course to adopt. There was no doubt in his mind; and a "free pardon" was mentioned as a matter of certainty, greatly to the joy of the kind-hearted foreman.

He posted back, radiant with genuine delight, and reaching the governor's house, had the pleasure of kissing poor weeping Emily. He tried to rouse her from her lethargic stupor by whispering the words: "Pardon" but, alas! it came too late. The majesty of the law had been too quick and potent for the majesty of mercy; and though the broken-hearted girl rallied for a few minutes, opened her eyes, and pronounced the words: "Mother! —Hugh!" the struggle between life and death was soon over.

She was buried in the quiet village church-yard: every villager far and near followed the sad procession to the grave, headed by the foreman and others of the jury.

Reader, this is no idle fiction, no tale of fancy. Emily's green resting-place may be seen any day in that country burial-ground. Roses blossom upon her early grave, whilst the serjeant still upholds the stern majesty of the law!

ON THE MISSION.

We left our student on the eve of ordination. The week preceding this solemn occasion is spent in spiritual retreat; the time not employed in devotional exercise being given to the practice of the ceremonies of the Mass. In most American, and in all European seminaries, there is a special ritual class in which the entire ceremonial of the Church is explained and exemplified. The professor calls a member of the class to say mass, baptize, anoint, or go through any of the rites which the Church has established. In German seminaries particularly this system of teaching by practical example is carried to what we would regard as ridiculous lengths. The professor, for instance, will go to "confession" to one of his class on moral theology, and confess the most unheard-of sins, put the most difficult questions, submit gnarled and abstruse cases of conscience, and in various other ways test the capacity and knowledge of his pupil in the severest manner. Then, again, he will pretend to be at the point of death, utter inarticulate groans, make mysterious signs which the pupil is expected to interpret, and wait to see if the student will or will not give him Extreme Unction. On another occasion he will jocosely present himself as a gallant bridegroom (the wedding party supposed to be filling the church), and, in the course of confession, he will make some astounding revelations of impediments, doubts, scruples, and dreadful case generally, and then pause to learn whether the "priest" will step into the sanctuary and perform the marriage ceremony, as the guests in the church appear to be rather restless. Next he will play the part of a scrupulous person, harassed by a thousand doubts, and sorely in need of some ready advice which the pupil proceeds to give, wishing mentally that his penitent would spare him so minute a relation of his anxieties and scruples. At another time he will figure as a stupid, stubborn, vicious old fellow, making his Easter duty with the haziest notions imaginable about what he is doing or what he has done. This delightful exercise is to see if the "confessor" understands the chapter, *de interrogationibus faciendis*. Sometimes the professor will play the rôle of a nurse who has a vague idea that she baptized a child brought to the priest for baptism, though she cannot recollect distinctly what she did, except that she used holy water and said, "In the name of the Father," &c. No amount of cross-examination can elicit a reply to the question, "Did you say, 'I baptize thee?'" though "she's afraid she said something like that, but won't be certain; now that she comes to think of it, she didn't say 'baptize,' leastways she didn't say 'thee,' but 'you,'" &c.

Then, in the exercise of saying mass, the pupil at the outset will find that he has not all the vestments; whereupon he must determine what ones are indispensable. Next he learns that he has no server; what differences does this

necessitate? At the offertory he discovers the wine to be acescent, and the appearance of the bread mouldy (full congregation present and no means of changing the offerings). So on with all the difficulties, real and possible, until the student prays God from his heart that he may never have such a mass to say.

In this practical way does the European seminarian learn moral theology, and it is surely a beneficial system. Certainly there should be in every seminary a class in which the rubrics of the mass are taught practically, for without some exercise and drill no one, not blessed with a very retentive memory, and calmness and collectedness of mind and manner, can say mass, for the first or even the tenth time, without forgetting several of the minute, but by no means unimportant ceremonies. We, who see the grace, naturalness, and facility with which the priest celebrates, hardly realize that there is not a motion of the eyes, hands, or body which is not prescribed. He must follow certain rules respecting the position of his hands and fingers, the elevation and depression of his eyes, the lifting and touching of the Host and the Chalice, genuflections, benedictions, purifications, and so many other particulars, that their brief explanation occupies ten or twelve folio pages, small print, in the Roman Missal.

Ordination week arrives. There are, by ecclesiastical regulation, special times and seasons outside of which orders should not be conferred, but in this country Bishops have power to ordain at their convenience. In most seminaries a week is devoted to the conferment of all the orders, from tonsure and minors up to priesthood. The minor orders are bestowed on first or second year theologians, who fail, however, to impress incorrigible juniors with a due sense of the importance of these orders, although several theological authors claim for them the sacramental character.

The minor order men are sometimes unmercifully twitted by their "lay companions." One of the latter will call on the "minor," for instance, and with due gravity inform him that he has a case in theology which he himself is unable to solve. It is as follows: Would it be a usurpation of power in a layman to eject a dog, *e. g.*, which had strayed into church, *præsente Ostiario*? and what is the answer of theologians to the questions:

1. *Ad quid tenetur Ostiarius?*
2. *An peccet laicus in casu?*

The interrogator never waits for the answer.

With subdeaconship and deaconship the solemnity of ordination properly begins, for by them the cleric binds himself to unquestioning obedience to the Church and to the observance of perpetual continence. The obligation of reciting the office also begins with subdeaconship, and, on the morning of the ordination, the new subdeacons usually assemble to read the *Horæ* together. If the ordination has taken place that morning about eight or nine o'clock, the hour of Tierce is regarded as the point at which the obligation begins. Sometimes, however, there is one of the number who contends that nine o'clock American time corresponds

more nearly to the hour of Prime than that of Tierce; and he generally attempts to prove it by arguments drawn from geography, history, expressions in the Psalms of Prime, &c., until his companions tell him to read ahead himself and leave them begin at Tierce. He then retires to a corner, with an indistinct remark on the imperviousness of some people to an argument, and begins to read. He is a little chagrined on seeing the circle who recite in choir finish the hours before he is well into Prime, but he manfully pushes on and reads all the psalms including *Confitemini*, the ferials, the *Quicumque*, *preces*, and so many other things, that he feels tempted to regret having made that geographical point.

The morning of the priestly ordination finds the seminary chapel, or the church in which the ceremony is to be performed, crowded with the friends and relatives of the *ordinandi* and with the pious faithful, for whom the occasion always has a singular attraction. Bearing the vestments upon their arms, the candidates enter the sanctuary, and range themselves before the altar. Each has an assistant priest. The Bishop, in full pontificals, celebrates the Mass, stopping at certain intervals to perform a ceremony of ordination. At the offertory the young priests (for by this time the essential matter and the form of the sacrament have been imparted) proceed to read the Mass in company with the Bishop, pronouncing with him the words of consecration. The last gospel said, the sanctuary rails are thronged by the people struggling to receive the "young priests' blessing." Father and mother with tears of joy feel the newly consecrated hand of their son, as it rests in benediction upon their head. So great does the crowd often become that the young priests, spent with fasting, nervousness, and emotion, are physically unable to bless the people singly, and so bestow a general benediction, which, it is needless to say, is received with very little profit or grace, particularly by the old ladies, whom the Pope himself could not convince that "it's all the same."

After the week's vacation which the Bishop usually gives to the newly ordained, each is assigned to missionary duty. The verbal or written notice he receives, appointing him to a spiritual charge, launches him fairly on the mission. He may be kept in the Cathedral Church; he may be sent to the remote confines of the diocese. He makes immediate preparations for departure, for he is anxious to go to work, anxious to know the people among whom he is to labor. If his mission is in the city, he waits on the pastor, who escorts him to his room, and tells him to make himself as comfortable as the limited facilities will allow. In large cities, where two, three, four, or even five curates are annexed to a church, the pastoral residence is frequently inadequate to accommodate such a number comfortably or even conveniently; and many a young priest's first experience of missionary life is gained in a third story back attic, which serves as a sitting and bed-room, parlor, library, and all.

But trifles light as air, as these

are regarded by the young priest, trouble not his serenity nor cool his ardor. He desperately resolves to find an enchanting scene in the bricks and mortar that form the background of the street picture visible from his front window, and a rare artistic treat in the gables and windows of the church, which block up the view from his side lattice. Then, too, the segar store opposite has really quite a fine specimen of an Indian brandishing his tomahawk, and he wonders if the apple woman at the corner can speak the best Greek, as her class did in olden times, or if she ever changes her fruit wares. The monotony, moreover, of car rumbles and wagon screeches is broken by the dulcet strains of an occasional hurdy-gurdy played by a master hand. When these subjects of interesting thought and speculation are exhausted, he has his library, which, by the way, takes up nearly half the room, and he reads a chapter in theology, or touches up "that sermon," which he is sure will electrify the congregation.

So the evening wanes, supper-time comes, and he chats with the pastor, whom business had taken away in the afternoon. He learns from him the number of souls in the parish, number of children attending Sunday-school, number of asylums, number of sodalities, and so many other numbers that he is quite confused. The pastor is very kind and considerate, and freely gives him the sound advice and practical hints that a boy fresh from the seminary needs so much and appreciates so highly. After supper the first curate, who has been out all afternoon on a sick call, comes in, quite worn and exhausted, and gives his assistant the cordial, tender greeting and welcome that only priests can give to brothers in toil.

The following week is passed in company with the senior curate in going on sick calls, visiting the asylums and schools, getting acquainted with some of the parishioners, and becoming familiar with the general routine of an assistant's duties. On Saturday afternoon he enters the confessional for the first time, and realizes that the severest labor of a priest is the hearing of confessions. How it is he doesn't know, but he finds that he can hear only two or three in an hour, and from furtive glimpses through the curtain, he sees an immense crowd of penitents jostling and crowding about the door. He mildly requests the penitent whom he is hearing to cease entering into interminable and irrelevant details, and to confine himself to a narrative of his sins, and receives a blank stare as the only response. He is terrified on discovering that his next penitent is quite deaf, and he leads him to the sacristy only to find that his bodily deafness has its correlative in mental blindness. Rather disheartened, he returns to the box after a half hour's shouting, and is almost dismayed at the proportions the crowd has assumed since his departure; so he determines to be as expeditious as the sacred character of his duty will permit. This resolution, however, is rather difficult of fulfilment, and his temper is sorely tasked by several old ladies, who are under the impression that the slightest whisper is audible out-

side, and who, to prevent the possibility of a discovery of their sins, move their lips in a heart-rending and appealing way, but suffer no sound to escape therefrom. The command, "to speak out," throws them into a state of fearful consternation, and the young priest, thinking that he has an abandoned wretch tempted to conceal a sin, will lecture for fifteen minutes on the subject, and be rewarded for his trouble by eliciting a few trifles that hardly constitute a venial offence.

So on until ten and eleven o'clock at night, he hears the wearying sound, until his head is dizzy and his brain is fairly muddled. The strain on the nervous system is too great to permit of a calm or refreshing sleep; he has no appetite; his limbs, cramped for hours in a small box, are stiff and sore, and he feels so weak, and sick, and downcast that he prays for heavenly help, comfort, and strength.

He will sing the late mass in the morning, and his kind senior asks him to take a lunch in order to enable him to stand the fast better, but the vitiated air of the confessional has so acted upon his stomach that he is certain it would reject the slightest amount of food. So he goes to his room and tries to sleep.

High mass begins at half-past ten A.M., the next day, and the choir has for the occasion a mass of very difficult and very long execution. Though by no means quick in saying the psalm *Judica*, our priest has it and the Introit recited before the organist has played the overture to the *Kyrie*. As the music requires that bass, tenor, soprano, and alto shall each sing the *Kyrie* nine times, and then that all shall begin *da capo*, he has a long stand at the corner or in the centre of the altar. At last, however, the organist has given the last thump, and the soprano has made the last flight, and after such a tempest of sound, the celebrant's *Gloria* sounds rather weak and low; but the organist breaks into it with all the stops flying, diapasons in full swing, and pedals down, and the "pumper" tears his coat in his efforts to supply the bellows. Our priest judging more by time than by hearing (for he cannot understand the words of the singers), makes mistakes in taking off his *birettum* three times before the opening *Gloria* is finished. He rises when he hears *Amen*, little thinking that bass, tenor, soprano, and alto are each directed by the music to sing *Amen* an indefinite number of times. At one point there is a lull in the storm, and he clears his throat to chant the *Dominus Vobiscum*, but before he has time to turn, the full chorus wakens and repeats, going back to give another variation on the *Gloria*, and finally drawing to an end with three or four brilliant fantasies by the organist. Thus too the *Credo*. At the *Sanctus*, the mysterious and mournful groans in which bass and tenor indulge, combined with a lively tune suggestive of an operatic aria which the organ plays, so confuse and annoy the celebrant that he is obliged to defer consecration until the music ceases. In time, perhaps, the priest may be undisturbed by a bad choir, but the new celebrant is always excited and nervous, and trifles are sufficient to trouble and distract him.

After vespers he baptizes for the first time. He finds the Sacristy filled with people who all want to see the child baptized, to show the sponsors what to do, and in various other ways to make themselves useless. After some delay he manages to get all, except the sponsors, to take seats or go out into the church, and then he bashfully asks where is the baby? for he has not as yet seen or heard any evidence of its presence. At this query, a bundle is brought forth from beneath the folds of an immense shawl worn by the godmother, who is with great difficulty persuaded to let any part of the child's face or head be uncovered, except its nose, alleging as an excuse that the little creature would catch its death of cold. At this point the godfather gives her a whispered reprimand, and two or three of the friends rise to see what is going on; but a word from the priest settles the matter, and the little fellow, pleased with his freedom from his cap and head-band, looks with wondering eyes at his baptizer, bears patiently enough the application of the oil and the salt, but manifests the old Adam when the water is poured.

At this rate of speed we fear we shall end our earthly mission before we have done describing that of the priest. We promise, however, to compress, in our next article, ten years instead of one week of a priest's life, and so escape the twinge of conscience which we now feel, that we have bored our readers.

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of sunshine tinged its braided snow;
Long had I watched its glory moving on
O'er the still radiance of the lake below:
Tranquil its spirit seemed; it floated slow;
E'en in its very motion there was rest;
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.
Emblem, we thought, of the departed soul,
To whose bright robe the gleam of bliss is given,
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of heaven;
Where to the eye of Faith it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

WHAT ANTI-CATHOLIC GERMANS THINK OF DOLLINGERISM.

WHILE so many Protestant journals are emulously engaged in depicting *en couleur de rose* for the gratification of their readers the significance and dimensions of the unfortunate Döllingerite incident, which is apparently called a movement because it makes no progress whatever, it may be instructive to learn something of the views which even the German organs that are most disposed to wish ill to the Church are compelled to express with regard to the complete failure of the little knot of dissidents from the Vatican decrees to produce any sensible disturbance of Catholic faith and unity.

We might encumber our pages with selections from a score of journals. We believe it will be sufficient to take our extracts from two of the most influential and most unflinching representatives of the anti-Catholic press.

There is no need for us to describe the character and position of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. That bitter enemy of Catholicism has already won its reputation. It is the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, however, that publishes under the heading of *Reflections of a Protestant upon the Munich Old-Catholic Congress*, an *exposé* of the condition and prospects of Döllingerism, in which it is openly stated that the whole movement is already hopeless. Nowhere does the writer in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* find any ground for better expectations. "With sorrow," he declares, "it must be said that in spite of the opposition of the Old-Catholics, and of the cold and even hostile attitude of the governments, the dogma of Infallibility is recognized by the Catholic Church as fully as the other dogmas." With regard to the efficacy of state action, that is, persecution, he says that he is "obliged to confess that he is unable to share the hopes of the Old-Catholics." It is not so easy to persecute 12,000,000 of Catholic Germans. "Have not the governments duties towards their subjects who believe the dogma?" Neither can he draw any comfort from the reputed dangerous character of Papal Infallibility considered as a political fact. No doubt, he says, the dogma is very dangerous in principle, and if the Church could be detected in any overt act of treason or sedition, it would, indeed, be a great argument. One substantial example would be worth a dozen theories. Unfortunately, there is not a chance, apparently, of laying hold of the desired commodity, and people will not believe that the dogma is so very wicked when they cannot see that it does them any harm. As a Protestant, also, he cannot understand the conduct of the Döllingerites. Why reject Infallibility and accept so many other doctrines which have precisely the same foundation? In fine, he regards it as a dreadful probability that "to the deep grief of all who are interested in freeing the intelligence of German from foreign slavery, the Döllingerites, for sheer lack of vitality, without having

achieved one noteworthy result, will yet be driven to lay down their arms."*

Still more striking are the revelations and the criticisms which find expression in the *Frankfürter Zeitung*. In this important journal of the most advanced anti-Catholic Liberals of Germany, there is no attempt made to conceal the feelings of amused bewilderment with which the extraordinary self-contradictions of the Döllingerite movement are regarded. Not even the desire to see Catholicity injured can blind the keen-eyed journalists of the *Frankfürter Zeitung* to the fact that Döllingerism has neither the shadow of a logical standpoint nor the hope of a tangible success. It is with difficulty sometimes that they can preserve any gravity whatever at the sight of the inexplicable burlesque of the Munich Congress.

The special correspondent of the *Frankfürter Zeitung*, writing from Munich on the opening day of the Congress, prefaces his analysis of the meeting by some general considerations on its character as a semi-lay assemblage. With his Rationalist prepossessions the correspondent finds no fault with this circumstance. It does not please him the less because he finds in it "one of the strangest phenomena in the domain of Catholic Church life." "The city of the meeting," he says, "is a German city; the participators in it are for the most part German; kindred Austria, Switzerland, Holland, and England, take part in it; the governments of Spain and Russia have sent envoys; and from the farthest east, as well as from the western half of our globe, have representatives arrived." This, he adds, is the external side of the Congress. After this magniloquent introduction he proceeds to explain how little, how very little, is covered by all these sounding designations.

"If, however," he writes, "we look at the internal side of the assemblage and at its logical connection, a very different and indeed very odd picture is presented. The Congress is an 'Old-Catholic' one, the members call themselves 'Old-Catholics.' If we inquire the grounds of this designation, no satisfactory answer can be given. The members might with just as good right be called 'New Catholics.' According to Catholic principles, by which Catholicism as well as 'Old Catholicism' stands or falls, the Teaching Church, the Episcopate, with the Pope at the head, has alone the right to decide on Catholic truths of faith on the ground of an immediate conduct by the Holy Spirit. *The Infallible Council has decided that the* Pope *is infallible; whoever wishes, therefore, to be a Catholic Christian, must accept the declaration of the Church directed by the Holy Spirit.*"

It is in this manner that an anti-Catholic writer at once discerns the fundamental fallacy of Döllingerism. "Let us, however, leave," he proceeds, "formal reflections, and consider the individual representatives of the Congress and their tendencies. From the orthodoxy of a Döllinger to the extreme rationalism of a Keller of Aargau, there is not an ecclesiastical shade which is not present at the Council. Let

* Zur Niederlegung ihrer Waffen gezwungen werden.

us take Döllinger, on whose name as on the nucleus of a comet, the whole tail of the Old-Catholic movement depends. A man of 72 years will not be untrue to the principles which he has energetically defended throughout his whole life; the man who has written *The Church and the Churches* will be no Reformer; the man who has written *The Development of the Lutheran Schism*, and *The Sketch of Luther*, will be no Protestant; of that every one must be convinced who has ever read a sentence of Döllinger's writings. Döllinger is a formal opponent of Infallibility; he would play the part of a sort of 'liberal leaven' within the Church, but a separation from the Church lies not within his intention, as he has not only repeatedly declared, but also proved by the fact that immediately after his excommunication he suspended his priestly functions and thus recognized the validity of the episcopal sentence. With Döllinger stands Michelis, who in the same breath extols with infinite commendation his priesthood, and accuses Pope and Bishops, from whom he has his priesthood, collectively and individually of error and heresy. After him comes the jurist Schulte, who makes the question of conscience a question of money-bags, and for 'Old-Catholicism,' as yet unborn, already claims the assistance of the policeman's baton. High Church Dr. Overbeck from Cambridge wants to unite his English Church with the not yet founded 'National Church of Germany.' The Jansenist Bishop of Utrecht wants a place for his Jansenism in the 'Old-Catholic' programme. The Greek Archimandrite Dimitrikopulos from Leipsic wants the help of the state to infuse some life into his dead body. The Protestant parson, Kraufsold, seeks to bring the different confessions into the wide frame of 'Old-Catholicism.' . . . Thus a tolerably correct image may be formed of the internal confusion of an assembly which proposes to call an Old-Catholic religion into existence!"

Was there ever a more complete exposure? And it is in this fortuitous assemblage of contradictions that the Protestant press pretends to find a rival and a conqueror of the Church of Christ and of Peter.

The writer in the *Frankfürter Zeitung* repeats the expression of the convictions which the facts have forced upon him. "I have anew convinced myself of the complete want of internal connection and utter aimlessness of this Old-Catholic movement, and have been able to come to no other conclusion than that it will crumble to sand without any result. A mere negative protest is all that binds its representatives together. . . And even if the Congress commenced to-day were more numerically important than it is, and even if its scientific standard were still higher than its supporters assert, the only possible standpoint that could be assumed with respect to it would be that of a coolly onlooking, critically judging, and now and then laughing observer (*stellenweise lächelnden Beobachters*")."

With reference to the numbers of the public present at the meetings of the Congress, the correspondent we have quoted gives im-

portant information. "Cards are issued for the public meetings in the Glass Palace, which entitle the holder to entrance. These cards are a mere contrivance; if few people come, they can be pointed to as restricting entrance; if many people come, then it can be said that there would have been a still greater number but for the limitation imposed by the cards. Now as the obtaining of these cards is by no means difficult (the editor of the Catholic *Germania*, for instance, yesterday already boasted the possession of three entrance cards) the most different sort of persons take part in these assemblages. Should, however, all such participators, without exception, be telegraphed to the world as 'thousands of Old-Catholics,' you are hereby requested, for the avoidance of error, to deduct your correspondent from the thousands."

Of course we do not expect that any refutations will teach the press to present really correct reports on such a subject to their readers; it is satisfactory, however, to know that the non-Catholics of the Continent labor under no delusions as to the nature of the unhappy Dr. Döllinger's attempt at a schism.

SHIPWRECK.

On the smiling sea was never a curl,
  On the bright sky never a frown;
Never an omen of coming fate,
When my beautiful bark, with her costly freight,
  In the glory of noon, went down.

Boldly launched from a quiet shore;
  Well framed with storms to cope;
By Youth and Courage nobly manned;
The sails were woven by Love's own hand,
  The rudder was held by Hope.

The merciless sun shone full and fair,
  The pitiless waves were calm.
No whisper of woe in the wooing breeze,
The gulls poised over the sleeping seas,
  The treacherous air was balm.

With happy laughter, with joyous dreams,
  We glided in fearless faith;
Then—the sullen jar on the sunken rock;
The grinding crash, the horrible shock;
  The headlong plunge to death.

A moment's whirl of boiling foam,
  A shriek through the slumberous day,
Then, smooth blue waters and calm blue skies,
And the startled birds with their keen dark eyes,
  Intent on their darting prey.

The bright sea dimpled, the bright sun shone,
  With nor cloud nor white crest flecked;
A thousand barks sailed gaily past,
A thousand flags light shadows cast,
  Where my beautiful boat was wrecked.

Wrecked, with its hopes, its loves, its trusts,
  Sunk deep to the sea-weeds brown,
The great world turns and the great waves break;
What should either heed of the moan we make,
  When a life or a ship goes down.

LAPSUS LINGUÆ.

Are you, reader, one of those thrice-happy mortals whose mental machinery neither loses nor gains, but works on with uniform regularity? Can you rise to address an assembly, or sit down to your desk for more guarded utterance, with the consciousness that what you speak or write is sure to come up to a certain average, not disgracefully below your former performances? Do your thoughts never come crowding on your brain in such turbulent confusion, that before you have finished moulding one, another pushes it out, and the perplexed listener has to interpret your meaning from the heads and tails of incomplete sentences? Is your memory clear and ready, always providing you with, at all events, familiar names and words in common use? If so, it is much to be feared that you are harsh and uncharitable towards those whose minds are less happily constituted than your own; that you characterize their forgetfulness as carelessness, their abstraction as affectation, their incoherence as a sure symptom of despicable folly; for it is exceedingly difficult for an orderly mind to contemplate anything approaching to confusion or want of method with common patience; it cannot comprehend that what comes so instinctively to itself, is unattainable by a different organization. Of course, a confused, a hesitating, or inconsequent style of speaking is a great defect; but it is one which so often arises from a redundancy rather than a lack of sentiments and illustrations, that it should be treated with leniency. Indeed, it is singular to observe how often an empty-headed man, without one original idea in his pos-

session, can pour out well-turned sentences without hesitation, and upon every subject, by the hour together; while his intellectual superior, who has thought deeply and earnestly upon the same topics, sits by in silence, or stammers, becomes involved in his sentences, puts one word for another, and makes an exhibition of himself rather than of his opinions.

When a man combines power of thought with fluency of speech and the faculty of arranging his ideas, he is a delightful conversationalist; if, in addition, he has good lungs, an uvula which does not tickle, and sturdy tonsils, he is a born orator; let him add industry and a capacity for business, and there is your statesman.

All men who are deficient in the three first qualities—namely, thought, fluency, and order—are liable to the *lapsus linguæ*, and if they declaim much in public, will sometimes excite unintentional merriment by their blunders. How we laugh, even at the present day, at the elaborate mistakes of Sir Boyle Roche. The famous "There he stands, Mr. Speaker, like a crocodile, with his hands in his pockets, shedding false tears," may surely be considered a slip of the tongue: he would not have *written* such a sentence. He possessed a creative imagination and fluency of speech, but was entirely deficient in the power of arranging his ideas: comparisons, illustrations, invectives overflowed his brain, and came pouring out of his mouth in a heterogeneous torrent. Take, for instance: "Mr Speaker, sir, I smell a rat; I see him floating in the air; but I will nip him in the bud!" Here are three distinct images jumbled up into a ridiculous sentence. A man with an equally fluent tongue and a brain of inferior reproductive energy, would have stuck, say, to the flower, some poisonous plant probably, would have sown it, watered it, pampered it for a quarter of an hour before the nipping process, and probably impressed his audience with the idea that he had made a very respectable speech.

The more ordinary slips of the tongue are caused either by nervousness or by the mind wandering away while the unruly member is left to trip unguided over some oft-repeated words, and the effect produced by such mistakes is sometimes very ludicrous. It is astonishing how seldom actors stumble in this way: one would fancy that men repeating the words of another, night after night, and obliged all the time to think of their actions, the expression of their faces, and, above all, their cues, would be peculiarly liable to blunder; but though they often forget their parts, and are driven to "gag," it is almost always the author, not the actor, who suffers. I remember one very ridiculous *lapsus* made by an actor, however, which may not be familiar to the reader. The play was *Lear*, and the performer who represented the king got on well enough till he came to his lament over the unfilial conduct of his daughter Goneril:

> Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
> To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
> How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
> To have a thankless child.

Which the unhappy man rendered:

> How sharper than a serpent's thanks it is
> To have a toothless child.

A reading not quite so tragic as the original.

A still more terrible thing must it be for a clergyman to make a ludicrous blunder of this description: the more solemn the cast of our thoughts at any particular moment, the more comic does any absurdity seem, and he must have been a very serious person indeed who refrained from smiling when the officiating clergyman read: "He spake the word, and cathoppers came, and grassipillars innumerable." The best thing which could happen to one who made such a slip, would be not to perceive it; that is, if he were a man who found a difficulty in keeping his countenance upon trying occasions, a task, however, which the majority seem to find simple enough.

It is a singular phenomenon of the human mind, that if a man makes a slip of the tongue without noticing it himself, or being corrected by others, in the course of a repetition or recital, the chances are that the same *lapsus* recurs on the next occasion. A friend of ours, who is one of the best lightweight riders in the country, an ardent fox-hunter, and a most melodious vocalist, has a first-rate hunting-song in his répertoire, which is always called for on convivial occasions, but in the course of singing which he as invariably as unwittingly trolls out the most fearful heresy that a sportsman could utter:

When hounds are in cover, your place is *inside*—

instead of *outside*, as, of course, it stands in the text, and as my friend fancies he sings it.

These last instances are pure slips of the tongue, as those first treated of are perhaps of the brain; but there is a description of *lapsus* in which the powers of thinking and the organs of speech seem to stumble at the same time.

The results of a *lapsus linguæ* are not, however, always comic; the tongue, especially of a nervous person, will sometimes blurt out what the heart most desires to conceal, though life may be forfeited by the stumble. How fearful it must be to have committed a murder or some other great crime, and to go about the world in a state of constant dread lest some chance word, some unguarded expression, should give our fellow-men the clue which they are seeking! For when the will is constantly and earnestly set to keep watch over the tongue, the little demon seems to take a malicious pleasure in thwarting such excessive pains; let persons of a certain temperament only go about long enough with the fixed thought, "Whatever happens, I must never say so and so," it is ten to one they do say it eventually.

And then the torture! If the reader be a lady, the *question* applied to her in youth was probably mental; but the masculine student may, when a boy, have had his arm twisted round, and smart blows of cruel knuckles applied to the upper part until such time as he apologized for an offence or disclosed a secret. If so, he can form some slight idea of the struggle between a firm will, devotion to a friend or a cause, and a weak and slipping tongue, in the furnace of intense bodily suffering. Thank God, we of the present day are spared all this, save by our own fault, or in very exceptional cases; but there

is a very common form of the *lapsus linguæ* which may cause us great mental pain and distress. Happy is he who has never tossed about through a sleepless night, devouring his remorse and shame, and regretting, oh! how bitterly, that he cannot at any cost or sacrifice recall words which have slipped out of his mouth in a moment of passion, of epigrammatic inspiration, or of pure inadvertence. I remember to this day with a hot feeling of shame setting that riddle about a squinting man being born in the middle of the week, looking both ways for Sunday, to a lady who had a cast in her eye, fully twenty years ago. The worst was, I saw my blunder with confusion and hesitation in the middle. Ugh! I cannot bear to think of it. I know a most amiable lady who is constantly making slips of this sort. I have heard her ask a man who had married three times, whether he thought that a widower who loved his first wife could ever bear to see a second in her place? To an officer of artillery, she put the question, whether it was true that his branch of the service was entirely composed of men rejected by the engineers? She inquired of a patriotic member of one university, why the other was so much more gentlemanly? She confided her opinion to a strange religious gentleman in a railway car, that no member of his communion could possibly be truthful. I myself, who am convinced that she would not for the world intentionally hurt the feelings of the meanest creature in it, have often been staggered, and thought for the moment that she must have aimed her random shots.

The most serious *lapsus linguæ* on record is that of the sailor on the look-out who saw a rock, and called out "Larboard!" instead of "Starboard!" drowning dozens by the slip; and it was in consequence of that lamentable affair, I believe, that the word "Port" was substituted for "Larboard" in naval nomenclature.

A STORY OF TOURS.

In the latter part of the thirteenth century, there dwelt in the city of Tours, in France, a poor widow, who eked out a precarious subsistence by letting a few rooms in her house to any strangers whom business or pleasure might attract to the ancient capital of Touraine.

Amongst her lodgers was one who, at the period of the occurrence we are about to relate, had already resided some months in her house. It was a young lawyer; his days, and even many of his nights, were spent in studying all the subtleties of the intricate science to which he had devoted himself; and already, though still in the springtime of life, he had acquired the reputation of being a distinguished master of his art.

But this was not, in the eyes of the good widow, his highest qualification. Every morning, often before daylight, might he be seen wending his way towards the old

Cathedral, and there, kneeling humbly before the altar, it was his habit to assist at several Masses, before betaking himself to the labors of the day.

Soon the fame of his learning and piety spread abroad, for his hostess was never weary of speaking to her friends and neighbors of his good deeds; and numbers of poor persons flocked to him in their necessities, and never left him without having received assistance and consolation. Often he pleaded their causes gratuitously, and obtained justice for those whose poverty might otherwise have prevented them even from getting a hearing. Thus he led the life of a saint, while pursuing a career which is usually supposed to offer greater temptations than almost any other.

It happened during his stay in Tours that the period arrived when a large fair was annually held in the town, which was consequently crowded with merchants, traders, and adventurers from all parts, far and near.

Two persons, belonging apparently to the former class, took up their abode in the house of the widow of whom we have spoken. They appeared to be wealthy, and carried with them a large leathern bag of money, which they seemed in great fear of losing, as it might be supposed there were many dishonest persons among the multitudes who filled the town. In order, therefore, to avoid the risk of carrying so large a sum constantly about with them, they requested their hostess to take charge of it for them until such time as they should require it, and to lock it up for them in a closet in her house.

Having obtained her somewhat reluctant consent to this arrangement, they further stipulated that, in order to avoid any possibility of fraud, she should only deliver up the bag of money to the two friends together, not to either separately. This she likewise promised, and the money was at once given into her keeping.

A day or two passed away; her two lodgers made themselves extremely agreeable, and the good woman congratulated herself upon having such worthy people in her house.

One morning they bade her "good day," as usual, before going to attend to their various avocations, and were leaving the house together, when one of them returned, saying he would be glad if she would give them the bag of money, which they had only just recollected they should that day require.

Quite unsuspectingly, she gave it to him, and he took his departure.

In the course of the day, his companion returned, said that they had been making some purchases, and requested to have the bag of money. The widow at once replied that she had given it to them that very morning.

He answered that she had given it to his companion when he was not present; that she had done very wrong, and had acted quite in opposition to the agreement. She represented to him that she had fully believed him to be standing close to the door. He replied that such was not the case; that he had gone quite away; and that she must make good the loss.

The poor woman, in the greatest distress, assured him that she had

acted to the best of her ability, and that all she possessed would not make up the sum which he declared the bag to contain.

He answered that he should take measures to compel her to pay the sum due to him according to agreement; and the next morning he appeared before the court, and related his story.

The judge ordered that the woman should be brought before the court on the following day.

When she received this summons, her heart at first sank within her; but, presently, calling to mind the wisdom and learning of her young lodger, she went to him at once, and made known her trouble. He received her with the greatest kindness, and listened patiently while she related to him all the circumstances of the case. He at once perceived that it was a scheme devised by those two heartless villains to ruin his poor hostess, and to defraud her of her little possessions. He bade her, however, be of good courage, for that he would be present on the following day to plead her cause.

Accordingly, at the appointed time, the poor widow might be seen in the court with her young counsellor. Their opponent was waiting for them, and he presently repeated his story, in much the same terms as on the previous day, but with more assurance.

The widow then simply told her tale, and with such truthfulness, as carried conviction to the minds of all.

Still the judge decided that the fact could not be controverted; she had paid the money, only one of the owners being present; and, consequently, the other was fairly entitled to be indemnified for his loss.

And then, up rose the young lawyer, and, assuring the judge that he bowed to his most just decision, he addressed his adversary, who was now confident of success, asking him if he were quite certain that such was the agreement, that the money should only be paid in the presence of both parties.

He replied, he was ready to swear that such was one of the conditions of the agreement.

"Then," said the lawyer, "by what right do you claim to have it paid to you, as your companion is not present? Produce your friend, bring him hither into this court, and the money shall be forthcoming immediately."

The rogue was thus caught in his own snare, and the lawyer, turning to the judge, requested that he might be detained while officers of justice were despatched in quest of his companion, who, the story relates, was discovered without much difficulty, with the leathern bag in his possession, which, upon examination, was found to contain only pebbles.

The two heartless thieves suffered the punishment of their crime, according to the severe laws which were then in force. The lawyer afterwards entering the ecclesiastical state, became a bishop, and was subsequently canonized; he has been ever since venerated as the patron of lawyers, under the name of S. Yves.

ROMANCE OF IRISH HISTORY.

When we review the remote histories of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and find names and facts delivered with unhesitating confidence and chronological accuracy, it seems, at first sight, an unreasonable degree of skepticism to think for a moment of questioning their authenticity; and yet they are but specious delusions, and some of the numberless vagaries of the human mind. To the unsuspecting candor of mankind, these plausible fables must always appear genuine records, nor can their magic influence be removed but by the severe scrutiny of learning and criticism. A nation emerging from ignorance reluctantly gives up the fictions of poets and genealogists, because they are the only vouchers for ancient ancestry, and the only evidences of extinct national honor. But when that nation arrives at higher degrees of improvement and polish, these phantoms vanish, and individuals and nations seek for honor and unfading remembrance by personal desert and patriotic exertion.

"Fama manet facti: posito velamine currunt:
Et memorem famam, quod bene cessit, habet."

Britons, at this day, arrogate no pride from being descended from Trojans, and it is a curious and no useless speculation to investigate the origin of that notion, for its development and detection are strong and flattering proofs of the learning of the present age. Warton, in his "History of English Poetry," has successfully instituted such an inquiry into the fabulous antiquities of England; nor are the principles he lays down, and the arguments he adduces less applicable to Ireland, for the same spirit of romantic fiction pervades the early history of each country. Encouraged, therefore, by his example, and countenanced by his respectable authority, we shall endeavor to deduce the bardic tales and historical romances of Erin from sources which he has happily opened. How imperfect soever these observations may be, some of them, perhaps the whole, may suggest to superior abilities a more perfect plan for future execution. If they in the least contribute to remove vulgar errors, a very useful object will then have been attained.

When the Saracens entered Spain, in the year 710, under Muza Ben Nosia (they were aided, however, to the subjugation of Spain, by Count Julian, of Consengra), with the revival of Greek literature, they introduced a knowledge of the arts and sciences, before but little studied, in many places not heard of in Europe. From the earliest ages, the Arabians cultivated magic: they extolled their intimate acquaintance with the occult qualities of bodies, and their power of conferring them where wanted. Their skill in metallurgy, in optics, in vitrification, in precious stones, and medicine, supported their high claims, and astonished and confounded the incredulous. Nor were they less distinguished for a vein of romantic fiction: here they displayed an exuberance of fancy in the creation of ideal personages, in the wildness and variety of their

adventures, and in the extravagance of their fables, all springing from original modes of thinking, and from their peculiar philosophy. A brilliancy of imagination and gorgeous pomp of expression, at once delighted and captivated the reader. The Western bards quickly caught the pleasing contagion—the genial warmth of Oriental fiction enlivened their songs: the monotonous and dismal tales of blood and slaughter were succeeded by more amusing and sprightly relations. These, wrought up with Arabian inventions, and sustained by Arabian philosophy, are visible not only in Irish history, but in that of every other country in the middle ages. Let us now proceed to substantiate what has been advanced from Ireland's mythologic story and the lives of her saints. Spain, the centre of Oriental fabling, soon after the invasion of the Saracens, enjoyed a celebrity above that of any other European nation. The Irish bards, in consequence, esteemed it a matter of the greatest importance to exhibit a clear deduction of their countrymen from thence, and their close attention to this point carried them, as will be seen, into many absurd, incredible, and puerile excesses. They tell us three Spanish fishermen arrived here before the Flood, and that soon after that awful event, the Fomhoraigh, or Africans (by whom must be understood the Saracens), subdued the isle, and others from the continent of Africa, frequently visited it, and that it was finally colonized by Milesius, a Spaniard. This fiction is in Nennius, who is said to have written A.D. 858, though there are internal proofs in his work of his age being much later. But, let it be as it is stated, we need not wonder at the adoption of romantic fiction so early here, when we reflect that Ireland was then the emporium of learning to the Western world; and that hither resorted crowds, from the remotest countries, for greater advancement in piety, and more perfect instruction in letters. Nennius relates, that the Milesians, in their voyage from Spain to this isle, saw a tower of glass in the middle of the ocean, which endeavoring to take, they were drowned in the attempt. This tower is a sure mark of an Oriental fancy. It is similar to the tower of glass built by Ptolemy, and Boyardo's wall of glass made by an African magician; and the pillars of Hercules, at Cape Finisterre, erected on magical looking-glasses, all betraying their foundation in Arabian fable, and Arabian philosophy. The Milesians, according to Keating, discovered Ireland in a starry winter night, from the tower of Brigantia, in Gallicia, by the help of a telescope. This fiction could not be older than the thirteenth century, probably much more recent. Roger Bacon affirms, that Julius Cæsar, before he invaded Britain, viewed with a telescope her shores and harbors. The Milesians, when they landed in Ireland, had various battles with the Tuatha de Danans, who, it is alleged, raised both a storm and a fog to prevent the landing, and whom they at length subdued by superior skill and bravery. In Ossian's combat of Oscar and Illan, a beautiful damsel complains that Illan, eldest son of the King of Spain, pursued her, and threatened wounds and destruction to the Fi-

ans. "Wherever he goes," added she, "to the east or west, or to the four quarters of the world, his sharp-edged weapon makes every foe yield the victory." The dress and arms of Illan are then described; he had a coat of mail, a vizor polished and set with precious stones; his garments were of rich satin, tied with silken strings. This romantic tale bespeaks its age not to be anterior to the fifteenth century. Were we to mention the Clanna Baoisgaine, or Biscayan colony, the Liapail, or Magical Stone, the Gai Bulg, or Sorcerer's Spear, the Magical Helmet, and numberless other particulars in Irish romantic story, relating to Spain, to the occult qualities of bodies, to conjuration and enchantment, derived from Arabic ideas and philosophy, we should extend our inquiries to an unreasonable length. The foregoing specimen will sufficiently point out their origin.

In the legends of the Irish saints the same romantic fabling abounds, and proceeds from the same source. No one but a virgin could use the magic girdle of St. Colman. St. Cuthbert's zone cures many diseases. An Irish priest complains to St. Gerald, that a huge rock, situated in the midst of a river, impeded its navigation, and entreats him to remove it; the saint throws a wonderful stone, which he held in his hand, on it, and instantly it splits in pieces. At another time he puts the same stone in the mouth of a dead man, and he revives. St. Kiaran, St. Fechin, and St. Ænd, are conveyed as safely over the ocean, lakes, and rivers, on stone as in ships. The mystical and wondrous power of stones marks the Oriental complexion of our spiritual romances, and is derived from the school of Eastern philosophy. Warton remarks, that romantic fabling was early cultivated in Armorica, and in Wales; and of this he alleges numerous and incontestable proofs, to which may be added, that through these channels it must have soon reached Ireland. For this country professed a religion perfectly corresponding with the British, which, through every age, cemented the inhabitants of both islands in the bonds of fraternal regard, so that the connection between Ireland, Cornwall, and Wales was very intimate. Mark, a Cornish king, married La Bel Isod, the monarch of Ireland's daughter. Constantine, another king, became a monk in the Abbey of Ratheny, in Westmeath. Edwal ap Meiric, Iago ap Edwal, and Conal ap Iago, Welch princes, were espoused in Ireland. "The people of Cornwall," says Camden, "have always borne such veneration to Irish saints, who retired there, that almost all their towns have been consecrated to their memory."

According to one historian, St. Patrick is born in Taburnia, in Cornwall; his mother is Conchessa, a French woman of Tours. Others make him a native of Airmuncie, or Armorica. From this region he and his sister, Lupita, are carried away by Irish pirates. On his return from Rome he preaches in Cornwall; and Fingar and other Irish saints travel to Armorica and Cornwall. In a counsel held by St. Patrick, all the unconverted are baptized, and so violent a religious paroxysm seizes them, that 30,000, divided into three bodies, begin a

pilgrimage with the saint's benediction, to Rome and Jerusalem, and other parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa. Here is a palpable forgery, similar to one mentioned by Warton, calculated to countenance the Crusades, and determines the date of this fiction to the twelfth century. The learned Jesuit, Bollandus, from a judicious and critical examination of our legends (well worth perusing), pronounces their fabrication to be about the twelfth century. Ireland's romantic history is much later; almost every page in Keating supplies new proofs. Thus he informs us: "When Milesius arrived in Spain, he found the Spaniards in the most deplorable circumstances, overrun by Goths, who, with other foreigners, ransacked the whole country. He summoned all his Gadelians, defeated the Goths in fifty-four battles, and quite drove them out of the kingdom."

This perverted piece of history evidently refers to the expulsion of the Saracens from Spain, in the beginning of the sixteenth century. It admits of the clearest proof that the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were the ages prolific in romantic writings. In these periods, the celebrated literary impostures of Berosus, Philo, Cato, Hector, Boethius, and others appeared. Trithemius, an ecclesiastic of some learning; in the fifteenth century, gives a plausible list of ideal French princes from their departure from Troy, which he assures us was taken from an ancient author, named Hunibald. Frederic, elector of Saxony, wrote to Trithemius, requesting Hunibald might be sent to him; but Trithemius had no way to screen his forgery, and evade a compliance, but by saying he was not in possession of the MS., having changed his residence from Hitchau to Wurtzburg, so that it was justly concluded,—"Que cet auteur pretendu est de la propre fabrique de Tritheme." Whoever will consult Florian del Campo, Tarapha, Pedro Mexia, Pineda, and other Spanish chroniclers (all of whose works are translated into English), will quickly perceive that they supplied the later bards and Keating with materials for enlarging the Milesian tale, which they adorned with poetical scraps and inventions of their own. Of sound judgment, unbiased by false patriotism or natural prejudice, the learned Bartholine desires his readers to be extremely cautious in studying the Icelandic historians, and not to be imposed on by their Fornum Bokum, nor old books, nor by their Fornum Saxum, nor ancient traditions, for he found both stuffed with absurdities and fictions. Let us with the same caution examine our senachies, else we may embrace puerile stories and idle fictions rivalling those of the Icelandic historians. What a deplorable instance then is it of mental debility and misapplied erudition to defend fictions, confessed to be such by those who record them. Nennius, though he gives us the Milesian tale, and is the oldest relator of it, yet tells us, there was no certain history of the origin of the Scots,—

"Nulla tamen certa historia originis Scotorum reperitur."

How can the effect of this candid confession be evaded? He consulted the most skilful Irish antiquaries, and they told him the story

of Pharaoh's son-in-law, his expulsion from Egypt, his travels through Africa to Spain, and from thence to Ireland; and all this 2000 years after the destruction of the Egyptians in the Red Sea. If this was the state of Irish history in the ninth century, and such the materials for it, was time or inquiry likely to improve either, particularly as the best critics assure us, there are no Irish MSS. older than the tenth or eleventh century? But what established the veracity of Nennius, in declaring we had no history, is, that Gildas, who flourished almost 300 years before him, assures us, that if there were national records, they were either burnt or carried away by enemies, for none appeared in the sixth century. Fordun makes the same complaint in his "Scoti Chronicon;" he cannot determine the times of the Scottish kings between the Fergusses. Why? Because there were no authentic memorials of them. It was the uncertainty of tradition, and the want of literary monuments, that drove weak men to the disreputable and disingenuous shift of forging authorities. Such, then, seems to me the origin and grounds of Irish romantic history, a subject of more curiosity than value, yet necessary to be thoroughly examined in order to be forever exploded. In this enlightened age, it can require no apology for exposing this wild chaos of absurdity and fable; as it stands at present it reflects no honor on our native country, nor can its annihilation in the least injure it. But the strenuous support of bardic tales, the offspring of licentious fancies in rude and ignorant ages, would, in the eyes of foreigners, degrade our national understanding, and suggest how slow our advances had been in civilization and letters. Are we then to reject Irish history and antiquities as undeserving notice or investigation? To this we answer with confidence, that so far as the one is supported by authentic records, and the other by existing monuments, they are as curious and interesting as those of any other country, not classical, nor the seat of a great empire. The formation of the Irish alphabet, the etymology and analogy of the language, the state of our literature from the sixth to the ninth century, our round towers and stone-roofed crypts—the origin and progress of Christianity in faithful Erin—our ancient laws and coins—our skill in metallurgy, and the lapidary's and goldsmith's arts —with the remains of our primitive superstition all soliciting our attention—and illustration of numberless monuments everywhere to be found, are topics that would abundantly exercise the ingenuity and erudition of the philosopher, the grammarian, the architect, the theologian, and the antiquary.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE MONKS OF THE WEST, from St. Benedict to St. Bernard. By Count De Montalembert. Two vols., royal 8vo., pp. 1450. Boston: P. Donahoe. 1872.

If the old monks, whose patient labor in copying and illuminating manuscripts Montalembert loves to describe, could have seen Donahoe's edition of the great Count's book, they would not know whom to praise the more—the man who has written the ablest vindication of their institute and work, or the publisher who has issued the book in a style worthy of its subject and its author.

As we have said, the "Monks of the West" is known to the world as the most eloquent and cogent defence of monasticism that has appeared in modern times. To its composition Montalembert brought his vast and critical knowledge of history, his philosophical acumen, his varied theological acquirements, and, above all, a soul in thorough sympathy with the mediæval spirit, and full of reverence for the good it wrought and the mission it accomplished.

He undertook a difficult task, for history, philosophy, literature, the drama, Protestantism, and infidelity have combined for the past three centuries in a warfare against the monk. The friar figures as a fool in philosophy, as a drone in history, as a sensualist in literature and on the stage, as a superstitious knave in Protestant publications, and as a trickster or hypocrite in infidel gibes. And this systematic misrepresentation has continued for three centuries, so persistently and so relentlessly that even we Catholics have not wholly escaped its influence, for do not some of us look upon the monks as good, lazy fellows, of little assistance to the Church, and no benefit whatever to society or civilization?

To combat this system of slander and prejudice was the task Montalembert assumed. Its difficulty cannot be overrated, for there is nothing so hard to do as to disprove a slander. It is a legal axiom that no man can prove his own innocence. He must refute the charge; he must confound the calumniator. Were the Count's task only to describe the benefits which the monks conferred on Europe, his work would have been comparatively easy; but he designed to do not only this, but also to repel accusations, answer objections, and unmask sophistical lies. That despite all difficulties he succeeded; that he did his work thoroughly and satisfactorily; that he changed the tone of history, philosophy, and literature on the subject of monasticism, alone entitle him to immortality.

At the outset he had to demonstrate the falsity of the plan of treatment followed by all non-Catholic writers on monasticism, viz.: that its good was fortuitous and abnormal, and its evil, consequent and systematic. He had first to show its innate aptitude for good, its logical tendency to perfect the community that embraced its rules, and through and by them its power to bless and elevate the society that came within the sphere of their ministrations. He had to make evident to a prejudiced and ignorant world that the abuses and defects of the monastic institution were such not by reason of the rule, but on account of its neglect or violation.

The Introduction discusses what may be called the historical and the philosophical side of monasticism. The author, after explaining his reasons for changing his original plan of writing the life of St. Bernard, into a complete history of the Monks of the West, proceeds to discuss the fundamental character of monastic institutions, which he places in the effort to overcome corrupted nature and to approach to Christian perfection: "For those," he remarks, "who do not acknowledge the original fall, and the double necessity of human effort and divine grace to elevate us above the condition of fallen nature, it is clear that the monastic life can be nothing but a grand and lamentable aberration. For those who neither know nor comprehend the

struggles of the soul which seeks, in the love of God elevated to heroism, a victorious weapon and sovereign remedy against the inordinate love of the creature, that mysterious worship of chastity, which is the essential condition of the life of the cloister, must always remain unintelligible But, to such minds, the Christian revelation and the priesthood instituted by Jesus Christ are equally inadmissible. On the other side, every man who believes in the incarnation of the Son of God, and the divinity of the Gospel, ought to recognize in monastic life the most noble effort which has ever been made to overcome corrupted nature and to approach to Christian perfection. Every Christian who believes in the perpetuity of the Church ought to discern and venerate in this institution, let its scandals and abuses be what they will, the imperishable seed of ecclesiastical self-devotion." (p. 7).

Then follows an interesting chapter on the services rendered to Christendom by the monks. These benefits are of two kinds, spiritual and temporal. Among the chief of their spiritual benefits, prayer is enumerated—"supplications always active, always fervent; torrents of prayer, poured forth unceasingly at the feet of God, who wills that we should supplicate Him." The next was their love of poverty, which they honored, consecrated, adopted, and espoused as that which was greatest and most royal here below. The temporal blessings they bestowed on Europe are so manifold as not to admit of even a short recapitulation here.

Passing from the contemplation of the material and external works which the monks erected, the Count treats of their interior edifice and moral work, and the pure and profound happiness which reigned in them and around them. This chapter, "Happiness in the Cloister," is exceedingly interesting and instructive, showing as it does the falsity of the idea of gloom and discomfort we associate with monastery life. The closing paragraph of this chapter is a fair example of the beauty of thought, and depth and tenderness of feeling which characterize the whole work. He is speaking of the ruins of monasteries:

"Often, however, nature has had pity upon these ruins which testify to the pitiless ingratitude of men. She has thrown around these monuments of their rapacity decorations perpetually renewed; she has veiled their shame under the inexhaustible riches of her abundant verdure; she has wrapped them as in a shroud with her immortal robe of ivy and eglantine, with creeping plants and wild flowers. She attracts to them thus, even from the indifferent, a sympathetic and attentive gaze. And where the climate or the still more cruel hand of man has not permitted that struggle of nature against scorn and forgetfulness, sometimes a plaintive legend survives and resists them like a last protest. Thus amid the ruins of the Abbey of Kilconnel, on the western extremity of Ireland, the Irish peasants, themselves spoiled and dishonored for so many centuries, still show in the pavement of the ruined church certain long lines and little hollows, furrowed in the stone, according to their tale, by those drops of fire, the burning tears of the poor monks, when they were expelled forever from their well-beloved sanctuary."

It is impossible, however, in a notice like this even to enumerate the contents of the book. Suffice it to say that the Catholic who has not read it should do so at once, for the principles expressed by monasticism are the same in kind that underlie the whole Catholic system of truth and morality, and no other writer of to-day has shown the practical and beneficent working and influence of these principles better than Montalembert in his "Monks of the West."

THE PICTORIAL BIBLE AND CHURCH HISTORY STORIES ABRIDGED. By Rev. H. Formby. New York Catholic Publication Society. 12mo., pp. 320.

We have here an American reprint of a book long known in England as the best of its kind in the language. This is high praise for a work which has countless rivals in Protestant pictorial histories of the Bible, but it is not unmerited, as a cursory examination shows. The

reason of its excellency lies in its strict adherence to the words of the Sacred Text, and in its conformity in all respects to the spirit as well as the letter of the Word of God. Many of our English histories of the Bible read more like criticisms and paraphrases of the text than narratives, and this is why those that study them learn nothing about the Scriptural way of telling facts or narrating events; so that when such a one reads in the Bible the narrative he has seen in the history, the accounts appear to conflict, the diversity of style breeds confusion, and dissatisfaction is the result.

Father Formby, however, gives us the Scriptural text, whenever he can do so, without sacrificing his plan of combining the fullest information in the shortest space. Hence his book has all the advantage of a history together with those of a Scriptural textbook and biblical repository.

Another excellency of the work is that its author follows St. Augustine's plan of writing sacred history, viz., to make it a "continuous, unbroken narrative brought down to the present times of the Church." If the later be detached from the earlier history of the Church, the youthful mind sees no intrinsic connection between them. The impression is left that sacred history is something entirely different from and unconnected with the history of the Church. We are, therefore, charmed by the wisdom and grace with which the author links together the several great eras of the Church, and traces the manifold analogies and relations they bear to each other. It is on the whole just the book we need for our Sunday-schools and libraries; its interest and general excellence commending it to the youth and the adult, whilst the beauty of the engravings will attract the eyes of the little ones. The Publication Society is entitled to the thanks of our Catholics for the admirable style in which it has issued the book.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS. A Treatise on the Obscure Night of the Soul. By Rev. A. F. Hewit. New York Catholic Publication Society. 1871.

Into this little book the distinguished author has gathered the thoughts of the saints on the subject of spiritual aridity and desolation. He has prepared it, he tells us, because he believed it to be required by the spiritual needs of a number of persons who cannot easily make use of the larger and more elaborate treatises which have been written on the same subject by the great masters of spiritual doctrine.

The typography and general arrangement of the book make it a model of elegance and neatness.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY ANNOUNCE—

Bibliographia Catholica Americana. By Father Finotti. A history of Catholic books and publications in this country up to 1820; with sketches of their authors, and a *resume* of their contents. Will be published shortly by subscription.

Mary Queen of Scots, and her Latest English Historian. Being a narrative of the principal events of Mary Stuart, with some remarks on Mr. Froud's "History of England." By James F. Meline. Will appear November 1.

MR. P. DONAHOE, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, WILL SHORTLY ISSUE—

To and From the Passion Play at Oberammergau, Bavaria. By the Rev. George H. Doane.

MESSRS. KELLY, PIET & CO., BALTIMORE, HAVE IN PRESS, AND WILL BE PUBLISHED SOON,

The Martyrs of the Coliseum. By Rev. A. J. O'Reilly.